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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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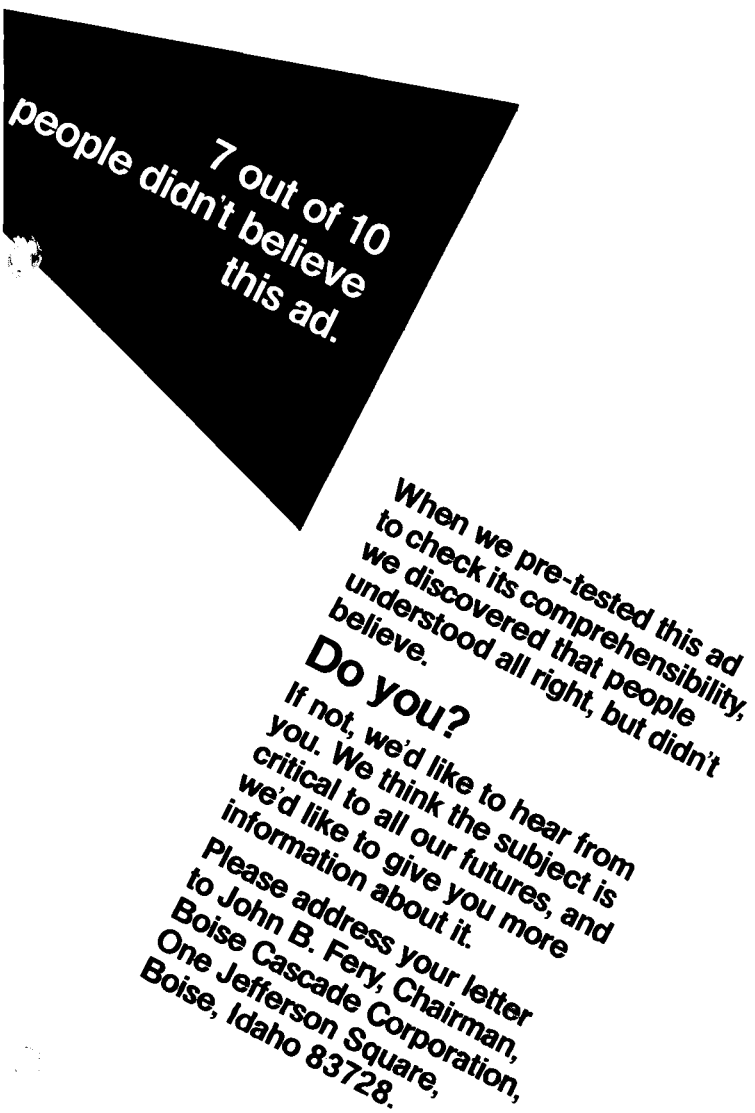
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Correspondence

'Pretentious' Pressler

To the editors:

A recent *New Republic* editorial regarding the Haig confirmation hearings ("Welcome to Hard-Line Times," *TNR*, January 24) said that Senator Larry Pressler's questioning of General Haig bordered on "pretentiousness." Are thoughtful questions asked in a polite manner pretentious? Frankly, I wish that Senator Pressler were a bit pretentious once in a while. He is a modest, self-effacing man, and I have never seen him treat anyone in a manner less than polite, even when the situation might warrant a more stern response. Perhaps if Senator Pressler was about 55 with gray hair, his manner would have been termed "erudite" by *The New Republic*.

Patric G. Link
Executive Assistant to Senator Larry Pressler
Washington, DC

The liberal promise

To the editors:

I had feared that liberal thought was by definition woolly. Now comes Robert B. Reich's article, "The Liberal Promise of Prosperity" (*TNR*, February 21). It is simply the most powerful, thought-provoking piece I have come across on the state of the body economic, no less than a blueprint for neoliberalism. Why, pray tell, is this man regulating us from the FTC when he could be enriching us through his pen?

E. R. Kahn
New York, New York

To the editors:

Robert B. Reich sets out to analyze the differences that characterize the economic decline of the United States versus the resurgence of our more successful allies. While the performance of Japan, Sweden, and West Germany in areas of social justice seem to outdistance gains made at home, I believe the basic pressures and developments responsible for our "malaise" must be investigated. Mr. Reich's vision of "collective commitment" and the corresponding social justice ignore the changes that, in the United States, infect the most fundamental, cohesive unit of society—the family. Pluralism,

(continued on page 38)

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TRB

from Washington
March 7, 1981

Dubious Business

Taxes never, never should be used to promote social change. That's what Mr. Justice Field said in 1894, casting the deciding vote against the US income tax. That's what Ronald Reagan said in promoting his new tax program on February 18. There had been a Civil War income tax in 1864. It was dropped in 1872. In 1894 Congress reenacted it with what some regarded as a harsh levy, two percent on incomes over $4,000. The Supreme Court tossed it out, five to four, and crotchety Fields, 78, a staunch conservative for 34 years on the Court, poured out his heart in a supplementary opinion. "The present assault on capital is but the beginning. It will be but the steppingstone to others, larger and more sweeping, till our political contests will become a war of the poor against the rich. . . ." It took the Fourteenth Amendment in 1913 to revive the tax.

Justice Fields, meet President Reagan. The war of the poor against the rich goes on. The president declared the other night: "The taxing power of government must be used to provide revenues for legitimate government purposes. It must not be used to regulate the economy or bring about social change." Presumably Reagan opposes the graduated income tax. It gives a modest lift to social change.

I thought that perhaps this "social change" passage was a slip on the president's part to be modified later. On the contrary, Treasury Secretary Regan, on NBC's "Meet The Press" (February 22), amplified it. The administration wants to be impartial in taxes, he said. "What we're trying to do is to be fair about it. Those who pay the most taxes, when we have an equal 10 percent cut across the board, will also get the greater part of the savings. That's only natural. I see nothing wrong in being fair to everybody. I don't think you should use taxes for social purposes. Neither does the president." This is the same kind of fairness that Anatole France said impartially prohibited rich or poor alike from sleeping under bridges, begging in the streets, and stealing bread.

I think liberals should face the fact, six weeks after inauguration, that they underestimated Ronald Reagan. His attack has been broader, bolder, and more effective then they expected. It comes at a time when the country's uneasiness is evident on every side. Most people believe the nation has been living beyond its means, with three years of double-digit inflation. Most believe that federal spending is the sole cause of inflation. It isn't. Federal, state, and local taxes, according to Walter Heller, are only 34 percent of gross national product in America, as contrasted to France, 40 percent; Germany, 42 percent; Britain, 44 percent; and the Netherlands, 51 percent.

Preaching that the federal government is the enemy, Reagan is proposing the most radical doctrine since the Roosevelt New Deal and his uneasy opponents are divided and have no alternative plan of their own. He proposes the biggest tax cuts in the nation's history. Nearly everyone agrees the country's defenses should be looked to, but Reagan wants an increase in spending not much smaller than that for the Vietnam War, with a resource commitment equal, as economist Otto Eckstein puts it, to that of a middle-sized war.

Abroad, Reagan affirms, with his secretary of state, Alexander Haig, the conspiracy theory of world unrest. The question always is, with Reagan's amiable propensity for exaggeration, whether he is building up something that he can't control—either an enormous boost in inflation caused by his proposed tax cuts or a single-minded crusade against communism. As to the latter, one shivers at the announcement that Senator Strom Thurmond, new chairman of the Judiciary Committee, is reconstituting an internal security subcommittee, Senate cousin to the unlamented House Un-American Activities Committee.

There is plenty of support for Reagan's supply-side theory of economics—up to a point. Few dispute that American factories need more investment capital to modernize, and Reagan's happy idea is to get it to them in two ways: faster tax depreciation write-offs as incentives to rebuilding, and more capital distributed among wealthy taxpayers so that they can invest it in plant and equipment rather than paying it over to the hateful government. The poor? Well, they will share in the prosperity as it trickles down to them.

Few would have believed Reagan could have whipped up such a storm in a few short weeks. He has used the momentum of his popularity and the charts of his organizing genius, 34-year-old David Stockman, to mount an extraordinary blitz. It has shaken Congress. To his credit, he has restrained the extremists of his supply-side religion. He has loaded his speeches with attacks on big government (another irony, since there are actually 100,000 fewer federal employees in 1980 than there were in 1968).

The question remains, can Reagan get away with it? As I see it, he has a couple of problems: one, a certain doctrinaire tendency to exaggerate, another, the risks of the program itself. As to exaggeration, he declared on February 6 that "we are very much worse off" than in 1960, a statement that House Majority Leader Jim Wright of Texas contemptuously ridiculed in the Democrats' reply. It's not a very big point but one that bears on one's judgment of Reagan's credibility. He lapses into his old platform manner as in his State of the Union allegations of enormous government fraud. He said, "fraud alone may account for anywhere from one to 10 percent—as much as $25 billion—of federal expenditures for social programs." It's not supported; it sounds like a statistic from one of his famous little white prompter cards.

Can he cure inflation by supply-side economics? If he can, he's a hero. It's a question that the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company asks in its February survey. It comments at one point, "The reason for skepticism is primarily a lack of empirical evidence." It doesn't say yes, it doesn't say no, but it wonders if people who get a tax break will spend it or invest it. Will they take a holiday (more inflation) or work harder (more production)? There are no precedents in the matter. Who can find fault with the bank's diplomatic summary: "In short, a host of uncertainties raises major questions about the new supply-side strategy"?

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Those who insist that coal is good point out that we have over 200 billion tons of economically recoverable coal in this country—enough to last us for at least three centuries at current consumption rates.

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But those who insist that coal is bad point to abandoned mines which scar the landscape and allow acid water to seep into streams.

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And when we consider that coal can also be converted into transportation fuels such as gasoline and diesel fuel—reducing even more our dependence on foreign oil—it seems obvious that we ought to reassess our old prejudices against this most abundant of all fossil fuels.

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There are no easy answers.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 7, 1981

Whose Supply Side Is Reagan On?

The general reaction to President Reagan's proposal for a "New Beginning" has defied centuries of accumulated understanding about human nature. He has received widespread support, even from Democrats, for his harsh reductions in government services, whereas his generous offer to reduce everyone's taxes has met widespread doubt and even alarm. Reagan proposes to cut personal income taxes 10 percent a year for three years, and to revise the tax treatment of business depreciation. Most of the attention, and the alarm, has focused on the personal tax reductions. In fact, the depreciation change is much more alarming.

Reagan's defenders say the tax cut is designed to unleash productivity through the magic of supply-side economics. Lower tax rates will encourage people to work, save, and invest more; real expansion will replace part of the inflation rate; and new tax revenues will replace at least part of the loss from the tax rate. Reagan's critics say that what the tax cut really will unleash is higher inflation, by overstimulating demand. People won't work harder or save more, the extra money in their pockets will drive up prices, and there will be little feedback in real growth or new tax revenues.

Both sides of this debate are fooling, but Reagan is fooling worse. The critics are fooling when they gasp that Reagan is gambling the entire economy on "an untested theory," because the demand stimulus will not be all that great. Even with no "supply-side" feedback and no budget cuts, Reagan's tax cut will add only $55 billion to a three-trillion-dollar economy in 1982. Reagan is right that without some kind of adjustment the tax take actually will increase sharply because of inflation. Anyway, though the Reaganites themselves imply otherwise when they blame inflation on federal deficits, this is not an economy straining from excess demand. Inflation is built into the structure of our economy in more complicated ways.

On the other hand, this is not a "supply-side" tax cut, if that means a cut designed to maximize the incentive to work, save, and invest. It's a simple reduction in the tax burden of the affluent. There's nothing wrong with the basic "supply-side" thesis that the tax code is reducing productivity. But the prescriptions that come wrapped in the "supply-side" banner usually are guilty of false labeling. This is certainly true of Reagan's proposals.

Just consider what Reagan has not proposed. The single greatest spur to capital formation would be indexing the tax treatment of saving and borrowing. Savers and investors pay tax on "profits" that are fictional because the dollars they get back are worth less than the dollars they put out. Borrowers, by contrast, get to deduct "interest" that is really repayment of capital. And this includes non-business borrowing, which, like any consumption expense, should not be deductible at all. Naturally, under these crazy rules, people are borrowing too much and saving too little. The tax code is full of other distortions and irrationalities that discourage capital formation, while they benefit the affluent. (See "Saving Capitalism From Its Friends," *TNR*, April 26.) Reagan has ignored all these.

The single greatest spur to increased work would be to reduce the tax on working—Social Security levies, welfare benefit income tests—and to start taxing payments for not working—Social Security pensions, unemployment compensation, and phony business expenses. Reagan considers unemployment and Social Security payments part of his untouchable "safety net," even though taxing them would not affect the "truly needy" (Reagan's phrase), since the truly needy pay no taxes. By contrast he has increased the "work penalty" for recipients of food stamps and Aid to Families with Dependent Children.

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Instead of doing an honest "supply-side" demolition job on the tax code, Reagan proposes to encourage saving and work by simply reducing personal tax rates, and to encourage investment by more generous depreciation. The personal tax cut seems equitable—about 30 percent across the board—but appearance is deceiving for three reasons. First, more affluent people pay more taxes, so a proportional tax break helps them more. Second, Reagan proposes no adjustment in the basic deductions and credits that play a much larger role in determining the tax bill of lower-income people. Third, the Social Security tax continues its inexorable climb. This tax is terribly regressive because it is a flat levy that exempts income over a certain level and *all* non-salary income. Supply-side theory holds quite frankly that tax cuts for the affluent are more important because they are the ones with the most discretion about how much to save and invest. But Reagan's presentation of this cut as equal for everyone is another case of false labeling (especially since the budget cuts primarily affect the less well off). Whether the result actually *will* be greatly increased saving is a matter of faith.

THE BEST argument for the personal tax adjustments is that they make up for "bracket creep"—inflation pushing people into higher tax brackets when their real income hasn't increased. Conservatives call this, with justice, an unlegislated tax increase. But Reagan's proposed corrective does not readjust the brackets—it lowers the *rates* in each bracket. It helps most those already in the highest bracket, who are affected least by "bracket creep."

Today non-salary ("unearned") income is taxed as much as 70 percent. Reagan's cuts would reduce the top personal tax rate to 50 percent. This is already the maximum (with the usual complications) for salary income. There is a certain intuitive logic to the notion that income taxes of more than 50 percent are self-defeating. At that point the temptation to find tax shelters, to simply cheat, and to consume instead of investing become very strong. If the tax code were really progressive, which it isn't, and if rich people really paid the top rate, which they almost never do, the idea that capitalism works better when people can keep at least half their money need not offend egalitarian sensibilities. Even under present arrangements, Reagan's personal tax cut is not a scandal.

The proposed depreciation change *is* a scandal. It amounts to a *40 percent* reduction in the taxes on corporate profits. The cost in lost revenue will be $60 billion in 1986. What for? To increase business investment. But the supply-siders' favorite econometrician, Otto Eckstein of Data Resources, Inc., estimates that each dollar of lost revenue will produce only 81 cents of new investment—less than if the government took the money and invested it directly.

Depreciation is the amount businesses get to deduct from taxable profits to reflect the wearing out of plant and equipment. Businesses complain that inflation increases their taxes by distorting the depreciation rules: the dollars they deduct are worth less than the dollars they actually shelled out years back. They are like savers, paying taxes on money that just makes up for the erosion of their principal. This is true, but several factors mitigate this injustice. One is that much of this plant and equipment was paid for with borrowed money, and the advantage of being a borrower cancels out the disadvantage of being an investor. The current *Fortune* says that "aggregate tax payments wouldn't change very much if both depreciation and interest deductions were properly adjusted for inflation." Second, present depreciation rules are full of special breaks that very often more than make up for the inflation penalty.

Reagan has accepted more or less completely a plan advanced by business lobbyists known as "10-5-3." Owner-occupied buildings could be written off over 10 years, most machinery and equipment over five, and cars and light trucks over three. Other real estate would take up to 18 years. These time periods are shorter than current law (up to 60 years for real estate) and much shorter, generally, than the actual life of business assets. The shorter the write-off period, and the bigger the early deductions, the better the tax break. Reagan's plan also expands the investment tax credit, another boondoggle that produces four or six bits of new investment for every dollar it costs the government.

IGNORING questions of equity and addressing only the "supply side," this is a terrible reform. Not only will it produce less new investment than it will cost in lost revenues, but it will badly misdirect capital away from its most productive uses. The biggest break—in effect, an investment subsidy—will go to industrial albatrosses like the steel industry and other established heavyweight corporations. The most promising advanced technology businesses will benefit very little.

Worse, 10-5-3 will set off an explosion of tax shelters. The *Wall Street Journal* predicts a boom in commercial real estate—the very last place we need to pour billions of dollars, yet the business that gets the biggest break. The essence of a tax shelter is buying an asset—usually a building—depreciating it far faster than it is wearing out to get "loss" deductions each year, then enjoying the capital gains deduction when you sell it at a profit. The Reagan tax plan increases both these opportunities.

And don't be surprised if you see a lot more doctors driving around in new Mercedes Benzes (necessary business expenses, of course). Between the 10 percent "investment" tax credit and the three-year accelerated write-off, it probably will cost them less than you pay for your K-car.

Adherents of 10-5-3 claim it greatly simplifies the depreciation rules, currently an accountant's dream of riches. It does. But two economists at Harvard, Dale

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Jorgenson and Alan Auerbach, have invented an even simpler approach that also would avoid all distortions and needless subsidies. They suggest letting businesses deduct the discounted present value of all future depreciation as soon as they purchase an asset, before inflation has eroded the deductions' value. *TNR* endorsed this plan almost a year ago, and *Fortune* endorsed it last week, so it must be a good thing. Right?

She got what she deserved; so did he.

Cad and Mouse

The Harris-Tarnower affair is a large, sprawling Rorshach test. It wouldn't surprise me to see as many versions of "what really happened" as there are people eager to commit their theories to paper. I suspect that Diana Trilling will let go with a polite diatribe against the atomization of values. Shana Alexander, in conducting a biopsy of the rich and successful, probably will identify with Harris, having assumed a there-but-for-the-grace-of-God stance. The murder trial itself has everything: high drama and low comedy, snob appeal, the luster of money, the smell of decadence and deceit, plus the unexpected recurrence of a theme we thought postively antique, if not dead, dead as the doctor—namely, unrequited love.

New York swarmed with men like Herman Tarnower a quarter of a century ago. Handsome, ascetic-looking, they had hollow cheeks and worked out at the gym. They thrived on manipulation and control. They got their kicks from renovating impressionable women somewhat younger than they. They renovated via reading lists, "must" topics to be mastered, attitudes and manners to be avoided, and, often, diets. These lopsided arrangements involved service on the part of the female: obedient sex, taking the man's suits to the cleaner, listening to him talk without interruption, and inflating his ego to the point of bursting. I thought we had outgrown the need to submit in this way, either because we'd been irrevocably changed by a movement that taught us a little self-respect or because we'd simply moved on to another stage of life. Apparently Jean Harris never outgrew it—or came to it too late. She was hooked by Herman.

I started out thinking it was a miracle no one had blown Dr. T away before Harris pumped five bullets from her Harrington and Richardson .32 caliber revolver into his pj's. But, reconsidering, it doesn't seem miraculous at all. Dr. Tarnower instinctively knew which women would go along with him and which wouldn't. His type avoids rejection at all costs. He knew his female game as well as the African specimens he bagged on safari. His half-million-dollar house was crammed with trophies.

The relationship of Hy and Jean is a typical case of interlocking need—he gives her something, she gives him something. This kind of coupling sometimes lasts a lifetime. It's when one of the parties stops wanting what the other provides that the thing explodes. Jean Harris, by all accounts, was explosive. In the words of Sarah Chayes, a former Madeira student, Ms. Harris regularly "flew off the handle" at school.

Herman Tarnower was a thoroughly assimilated Jew. I would guess he had more non-Jewish patients than the other kind. He made friends with them, went to their dinners, joined them on the golf links. Although he belonged to a Jewish country club (its main building looks as if it had been ripped off from the Princeton campus) he was at home anywhere the rich and prominent meet to eat. Like other establishment Jews—Walter Lippmann, William Paley, Dolly Schiff, etc.—his background didn't matter so much as his money, his clout, and above all, his style. He strikes me as a man comfortable in his milieu and not too concerned about the world's poor. He was comfortable with his house, its pretentious grounds, its gun collection, its *shiksas*.

Jean was his chief *shiksa* for a long time. Their relationship lasted 14 years, plenty of time for them to have split and found other people. Hy enjoyed the company and physical delights of blonde, snub-nosed women. Take a look at Lynne Tryforos. She's a replica of her predecessor, minus 25 years or so. Same build, same face, though she couldn't have been as sharp or clever as poor Jean. Lynne was predictable.

If he needed Harris's WASP credentials and her preppy looks, she needed whatever it was she found exotic in Herman, especially after her safe and confining life with businessman James, her languishing-in-Grosse Pointe husband. There are a lot of Semitophiles wandering around loose, although fewer today than there used to be—partly, I suspect, because our children care far less about a person's ethnicity than whether he or she is wimpy or cool. To culturally narrow-minded people like Jean Harris (in explaining Rosh Hashanah to her students, Harris kept her "we"s and "they"s carefully separated), Jews are mysterious, forbidden; which naturally makes them sexy. Hy, the handsome make-out king, had this irresistible added attraction for Harris. Like a gypsy prince or an Arabian sheik, he was firmly planted on the wilder shores of love.

They met at a friend's house shortly after her divorce. She was then an administrator at the Springside School in Philadelphia. It was a natural match. She soon bought a house near his, in Mahopac. He squired her here and there—Paris, the Caribbean, Scarsdale—and he cheated on the side, but she was definitely his mate, kept her eye on his belongings, and shacked up with him on weekends. Jean and Hy were briefly engaged, but they broke it off and she sent his ring back. She stashed her clothes in his closet (the clothes, both hers and Lynne's, seem to have a totemic impor-

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tance in this affair, having been slashed and shredded on several occasions). She helped him with his book and got a lavish credit for her pains. Hy thanked her for her "splendid assistance," much to the surprise of co-author Samm Sinclair Baker, who was unaware that she had anything to do with it and told a *New York Times* reporter that he thought Ms. Harris looked on diet books as beneath her. Whether or not she contributed much to the book, she probably could have written rings around him. The self-deprecating parody she wrote for Tarnower one Christmas, which so enraged his sister Pearl that she left the courtroom, was much too good for him. In part, it went: "There were ingenues, dashers, and dancers and vixens, / I believe there was even one Cupid, one Blitzen / He lay remembering with a smile broad and deep, / Till he ran out of names and he fell fast asleep / Beside him lay Jeannie, headmistress by jiminy, / Who was waiting for Santa to come down the chimney. . . ." What a waste.

NOW FOR the diet. The Scarsdale Diet requires not only that the person on it cut back, but is so rigid in its conception and mechanics that it spills over into the lives of people who live with or near the dieter. My one brush with it happened when the husband of a couple we'd invited for dinner called us to ask what we were serving. Ten minutes later he called again to ask if we'd mind if his wife brought her own food. "Lilly's on the Scarsdale Diet," he explained. Most diets are more discreet. There's something punishing about the Tarnower regime, as if the person undergoing it were obliged to wear an odd, embarrassing contraption in public. Herman's diet was the only one he could have dreamed up. It suited his grim, authoritarian grip on life. He manipulated his victims, made them squirm. He made the act of shedding pounds a nasty punishment for being fat and ugly.

Given all this, it's impossible to come to anything but the doleful conclusion that Harris was hopelessly masochistic and flourished in the excitement generated by Herman's bullying. "Sue me, sue me, shoot bullets through me—I love you." This poignant line from *Guys and Dolls* came back to me as I sat down to write this piece. I hadn't thought of it in years. Harris was a world-class, shoot-bullets-through-me, Helene Deutsch-style masochist. This marvelously articulate, self-consciously competent administrator was mush in Hy's bony hands. How she must have craved the garbage he laid on her—his messing with other women and leaving their gifts around for her to find, his on-again, off-again commitment to her, and most villainous of all, his turning her on to drugs she didn't need. Over the years he prescribed uppers, downers, speed, percodan even, the whole filthy anthology of stimulants and depressants. "Diet Doc Made Jean a Junkie" said the *New York Post*, with its customary economy. One can only conjecture about his systematic and deliberate shredding of whatever confidence she had managed to accumulate over the years. Her pathetic note ("I wish to be cremated and thrown away") says it wasn't much.

The Madeira School is about as classy as they come. Its graduates slip into the Ivy League as easily as they do into their Fair Isle Cardigans. For Jean Harris, the offer of the headmistress job must have represented the attainment of her mature dreams. The life of a head-of-school is emotionally grueling. You have to blend a wide variety of skills most of us don't possess, let alone know how to exploit. All these elements to deal with: the faculty, underpaid and idiosyncratic; the parents, anxious and nosy; the alumnae, tight-fisted and nosy; the curriculum, ever changing, ever the same; and the students, out for your scalp. The Madeira students sensed something wacky in Jean Harris. She banned oranges from Madeira because the girls were dropping peels all over the lush campus. What sort of person bans oranges? She and Herman had more in common than their interlocking needs; they had their compulsiveness in common. Schoolgirls can understand banning booze and drugs; I doubt they understand banning fruit.

AS FOR HER competence, it wasn't nearly as sturdy as she would have liked. She was the sort of head whom mothers love and kids distrust. She "didn't hold up under pressure," for one thing. During Sarah Chayes's sophomore year, 1977-78, Jean Harris "lost control of the school," something unforgivable to students. She burst into tears at a town meeting and there were rumors she had done the same thing at a faculty meeting. She didn't seem to know the score and was "very moralistic," inflexible, and touchy. She insisted on the regular recitation of the Lord's Prayer, discouraged dissent, and questioned the kids' ability to govern their own dorms, something they'd been doing successfully before her arrival. Harris was a law-and-order woman who had compartmentalized her life. Almost no one, for instance, knew about her relationship with Dr. T. She was decorous: her house, somewhat snobbish students thought, was "suburban-yuk"—carpeted floors and so on. "Nothing that anyone from Greenwich could complain about." She had lost her grip on the job and she knew it; she claimed that "she wasn't even wanted in the first place. . . ." Whether this last sentiment is a touch of paranoia brought on by depression or was the truth, it's clear that she was not long for the world of the Madeira School.

Everything went at once. A crisis at the school, Lynne Tryforos's assumption of Harris's domestic role, the abrupt withdrawal of drugs. Harris flipped. It is easy to empathize with her baffled anger and her intense physical need. But she was not a heroine who should be adopted by the women's movement. She had no ego, no identity, no center, no control over the forces in her life. She was cruelly stripped of all her supports—the school's trustees, the man, the medicines. Suicide seems a shade more appropriate than

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murder. If, as Harris claims, she really wanted to kill herself, why the five-hour car trip? Perhaps she felt that in shooting Herman she was destroying the rotten part of herself and was thus committing a desperate act of liberation. But her act, however desperate, can't be forgiven as easily as it can be analyzed. The jury was smart enough to realize this and hold her responsible. The Harris-Tarnower affair should be exploited as a cautionary tale of the evils of female submissiveness and then used as a piece of promotional copy for the women's movement.

Anne Bernays

Anne Bernays is the author of six novels, most recently, *The School Book* (Harper & Row). She is working on a novel, *The Address Book*, to be published by Little, Brown.

Carrington's peace plan for the Mideast means war.

Europe, Go Home

In the middle of the Czechoslovak crisis in 1938, Prime Minister Chamberlain announced that he would send to Prague an independent, impartial person, "not unlike a man who goes down to assist in settling a strike." The situation was delicate: Nazi Germany had become the major power in Central Europe. Three and a half million Germans in Czechoslovakia bitterly opposed Czech rule and wanted to become citizens of the Reich. It seemed a reasonable demand; how could one possibly deny them the right of self-determination? As the London *Times* put it, the Czechs needed a "more homogeneous state by the cession of the fringe of alien population who are contiguous to the nation to which they are united by race." Lord Runciman, a Liberal peer who had served as minister of the crown, arrived in Prague on August 1, 1938, declaring that he had come as a friend of all and enemy of none, in a spirit of goodwill and the exercise of patience.

It seemed an altogether admirable effort to promote international reconciliation, but the Czechs had their doubts. Osusky, their ambassador in London, wrote that Runciman would not hesitate to sell Czechoslovakia down the river if he thought that British interests would be served. Among the officials and journalists waiting for Runciman that day at the Wilson railway station in Prague there were some skeptics too: Gedye (author of *Fallen Bastion*, the classic account of the occupation of Austria and Czechoslovakia) was reminded of the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" ("the hangman with his little bag went shuffling through the gloom"), and William Shirer, who was also present, noted briefly and inelegantly, "Runciman's whole mission smells."

The mission failed, despite the fact that Runciman was desperately eager to satisfy the Germans. The Nazis were not interested in a compromise, however favorable from their point of view. But the episode remains of more than antiquarian interest. This year, another lord, Carrington, the present British foreign secretary, prepares himself for another such mission of reconciliation—"to secure lasting peace and justice in the Middle East," as he stated in a recent interview in the London *Times*. Since Carrington will speak for Europe during the second half of 1981, and since he is trying very hard already to persuade the US to join his initiative, his endeavor should be taken seriously even though the prospects for success are not good.

The desire to secure lasting peace and justice in the Middle East is, of course, a noble aspiration, doubly praiseworthy because Europe faces so many other urgent preoccupations—its inability to establish closer political and defense cooperation, the growth of neutralist, anti-American, and anti-EEC trends such as the decision of the British Labour party to take Britain out of Europe, not to mention other political and economic crises. It is also true that the Middle East is in great need of lasting peace and justice. Lord Carrington will have to restore peace between Iran and Iraq, between Syria and Jordan, between Libya and its neighbors, between Egypt and the other Arab states, between Syria and Iraq. He will have to do something about Afghanistan, about the internal situation in Iran, Saudi Arabia, and the Gulf states, about the subacute civil wars in Lebanon and Cyprus, about the many national minorities, who, to put it mildly, have not been getting a fair deal.

It is exceedingly doubtful, however, that Lord Carrington has any intention of doing anything about such Middle Eastern problems as these. He would argue, not without justice, that there is nothing that he, Britain, and Europe, can do about them, and that, in any case, the interests of peace may collide with those of justice. He will argue that "lasting peace and justice" in the Middle East really means one specific problem, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. In moments of candor he will add that unless something is done about it, the supply of oil to Europe will be endangered, the Saudi monarchy and other moderate elements in the area may be overthrown, and the Russians will gain further influence. It was for this reason that the EEC issued a declaration in Venice in June 1980 and that subsequently Van der Klaauw, the Dutch foreign minister, and Gaston Thorn of Luxemburg went on missions to Middle Eastern capitals. The Camp David peacemaking process was dead (they said), the PLO must be associated with the peace negotiations, and, exercising its right of self-determination, be allowed to establish a separate state.

(continued on page 14)

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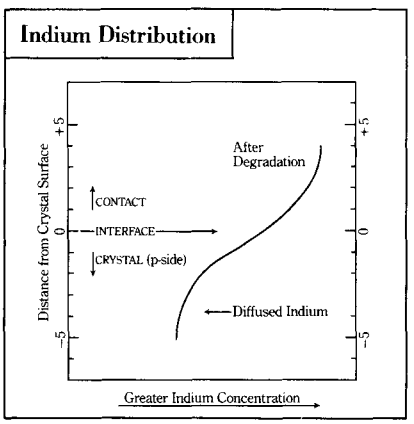
The Strategic Misalignment

Tunable semiconductor lasers can now measure specific gases in automotive exhaust with 25-millisecond response time. A successful strategy for improving laser reliability developed at the General Motors Research Laboratories makes this and other new spectroscopy capabilities practical realities.



Electron microprobe analysis of a crystal-contact interface, indicating indium penetration into the PbSnTe crystal.

THE ACHIEVEMENT of long lifetime and frequency stability makes the lead-tin-telluride diode laser a practical infrared spectrometer. Earlier innovations brought to this laser the characteristics of increased power, higher temperature operation, greater efficiency and wider tuning range.

Operating in the 5- to 10-micron range, the PbSnTe laser spectrometer can resolve the time-dependent emission of carbon monoxide, sulfuric acid vapor, methane and other species of interest in automotive exhaust. This permits measurement of transients in carbon monoxide to carbon dioxide gas conversion in a catalytic converter. This capability represents a significant advance over conventional spectroscopy instrumentation. The laser is also being tested by NASA for use in detecting the molecular species involved in chemical reactions in the stratosphere.

New knowledge of the process by which laser reliability is compromised has been revealed in fundamental studies conducted by Dr. Wayne Lo and his colleagues at General Motors. Dr. Lo's investigations have demonstrated that laser lifetime and stability are limited by the development of excessive electrical contact resistance. He has been able to stop increases in resistance by devising a multilayer ohmic contact consisting of different metal films. This configuration has extended laser operating lifetime to more than 1,000 hours and increased shelf-life to an estimated 25 years.

Slow degradation due to a gradual increase in contact resistance was observed in idle lasers stored at room temperature, but not in lasers maintained at a maximum temperature of 77 K, despite several hundred hours of continuous operation. These results suggested the temperature-dependent process of diffusion.

Degradation occurred primarily on the p-type side of the laser, where the contact consisted of a thin layer of gold followed by a

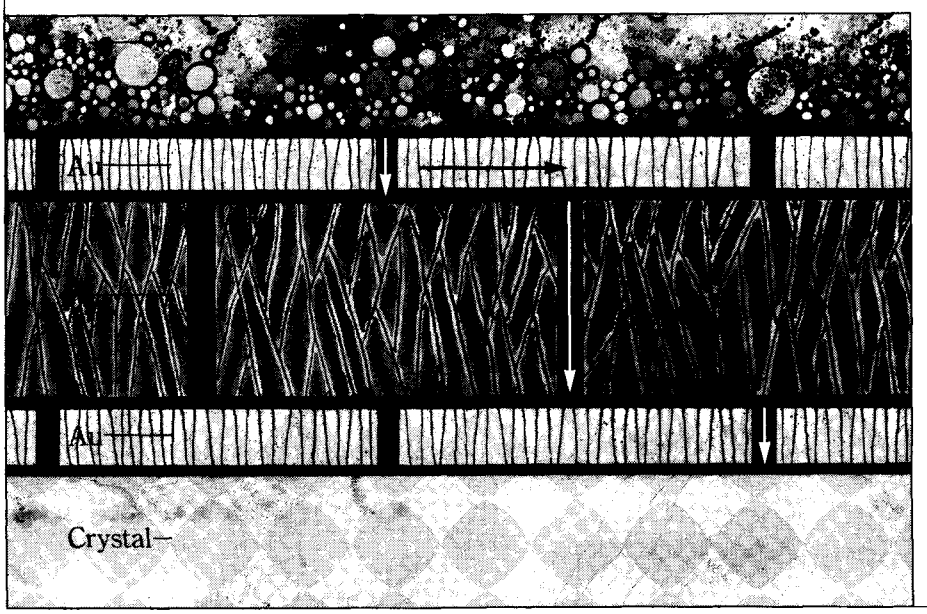


Diagram of hypothetical indium diffusion paths for a three-layer contact structure of Au-Pd-Au.

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layer of indium. Electron microprobe analyses revealed that indium, a semiconductor donor, was diffusing through the gold layer into the crystal, apparently causing a reduction in hole carrier concentration near the p-surface. This effect was counteracted to a great degree by sandwiching a thin layer of platinum between the layers of indium and gold. Laser reliability reached a full year.

When degradation was still observed, although to a reduced extent, Dr. Lo advanced the hypothesis that diffusion and transport were taking place along grain boundaries in the polycrystalline contact layers. He proposed replacing the Pt-Au barrier with a three-layer structure. Since palladium film structures have fewer grain boundaries than those of platinum, providing fewer leakage paths for the indium, Pd was tested in place of Pt.

DIODE LASERS composed of $Pb_{0.86}Sn_{0.14}Te$ and fabricated with a variety of contacts were maintained at 60°C in order to accelerate aging, with periodic interruptions for testing. The results showed that a multilayer structure of In-Au-Pd-Au, in which the grain boundaries tend to be misaligned, provides maximal reduction of indium penetration, confirming Dr. Lo's hypothesis.

The misaligned boundaries force diffusion to take place laterally, which slows transport into the crystal. The additional layer slows the process even further.

Solving the contact problem represents the culmination of efforts that began at General Motors with the development of an "ingot-nucleation" vapor transport method for growing crystals. The resulting crystals are of high purity, with a dislocation density of less than 1000 cm^{-2}. Lasers made from these crystals incorporate a low temperature cadmium-diffused p-n junction. This process, invented by Dr. Lo, increases the laser's output to five milliwatts.

A tuning range of 500 cm^{-1} and pulsed operating temperatures of up to 140 K are achieved by a two-step annealing process. This technique induces a graded carrier concentration that increases infrared light confinement in the laser structure, thus reducing losses and increasing output.

"These innovations," says Dr. Lo, "combine to produce a laser that allows us to make measurements previously impossible."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. Wayne Lo is a Senior Research Scientist in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Lo was born in Hupei, China. He did his undergraduate work at Cheng-Kung University in Taiwan. He received an M.S. from the University of Rhode Island and a Ph. D. in electrical engineering from Columbia University in 1972. His doctoral thesis concerned the characterization of deep-level states and carrier lifetimes in gallium arsenide light-emitting diodes.

Before undertaking graduate studies, Dr. Lo was instrumental in setting up the first American transistor production plant in Taiwan. In 1973, he joined General Motors, where he is currently in charge of semiconductor laser and spectroscopy research.

GM General Motors
People building transportation to serve people

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A perfectly respectable case can be made for Europe's wish to play an active role in trying to settle the Arab-Israeli dispute, a case that would be even stronger but for the humbug about lasting peace and justice. It can be argued, moreover, that it is in the best interest of Israel to divest itself of most of the occupied territories, not for fear of offending Lord Carrington's sense of justice, but because of the long-term effects of the occupation on the whole character of the state. There may be various ways to do so, but it is also true that giving up the territories is a high risk operation. It will, in fact, make war more likely than it is now.

IT MAY WELL be that the majority of members of the PLO now accept the existence of the state of Israel and no longer want to destroy it, even though the evidence is hardly overwhelming as yet. But it can be taken for granted that at the very least there will be a quite large minority of rejectionists who will continue to fight for the total elimination of the "alien body" in the Arab homeland. Historical experience has shown time and again that partition does not put an end to war and that even relatively small minorities can perpetuate the strife. The Irish conflict is a perfect and discouraging illustration. It was "solved" 60 years ago with the establishment of the Free State. The rejectionists were defeated, and many of them lost their lives in the ensuing civil war. The great majority of Irish have been, and are now, perfectly willing to live in peace with their neighbors to the north. But the conflict has, nevertheless, erupted time and again. And no end is in sight. Lebanon is another example. If Moslem and Christian Arabs, who, after all, have a great deal in common, find it impossible to live together, the chances for peaceful coexistence between Israelis and Palestinians cannot be rated highly.

But what practical contribution could be made by Lord Carrington and his friends toward a peaceful solution of the conflict? The EEC has attacked the Camp David peacemaking process even though it has made war unlikely in the foreseeable future. It wants a "comprehensive solution," but it has not been able to suggest any negotiating process that would be more successful, nor has it been able to point to any transitional arrangement that conceivably might work. Carrington and his colleagues have promised "security guarantees" and "international guarantees of mutually recognized borders." But it has not been made clear who would provide these security guarantees—the United Nations, perhaps? Or Western Europe, unable to defend its own borders without outside help? One could well imagine with what enthusiasm the EEC would defend Israel against a member or a proxy of OPEC.

In short, the EEC proposals are not really serious, but they are pressed with increasing vigor. West European leaders may be unable to agree on fishing rights and a common agricultural policy; in foreign affairs they agree on hardly anything at all. Thus the mystery deepens: why should they invest so much effort in a sideshow? Perhaps it is an elaborate charade, a pretense of movement and action, meant to keep Europe's oil suppliers and customers reasonably happy, knowing full well that the risks involved in "solving" the conflict are very high indeed and that the cure, more likely than not, will be worse than the disease—at least from the European point of view. The European interest in the conflict, then, stems from political and economic vulnerability. Were it not for the oil, Carrington's insistence that justice be done between Israelis and Palestinians would not be notably more emphatic than his struggle for peace and justice between Ecuador and Peru or Bolivia and Chile. Or is it assumed that while an imposed settlement will not work, it will still give them a few months, or perhaps even a few years, of grace? Some foresight, some statesmanship, to paraphrase Winston Churchill.

If Europe's vulnerability is the decisive factor, why do Lord Carrington and his colleagues select a policy which, if successful, will make war more rather than less likely? Why do they favor a PLO state, which would be anything but an agent of stability in the region? Some European leaders believe that the establishment of the state of Israel was a mistake and they would face its dismantlement—gradual, no doubt — with some equanimity. (In 1938 Czechoslovakia was a "factitious and artificial creation.") Were Israel to disappear or be reduced to a symbolic existence, they would expect that oil would be cheap, its supply secure, the Arabs friendly toward the West, Russia without a foothold in the area. Businessmen would get contracts, generals would have bases, and missionaries would get converts. It is an attractive vision.

BUT ISRAEL is not Czechoslovakia, nor can the Arabs be compared with Germany in 1938. At this stage, at the very least, the Runciman parallel breaks down. Israel would fight for its existence. The devastation probably would not be limited to the area near its borders. And if Israel were to go down, not much would remain in the Middle East that would be of conceivable interest to Lord Carrington and his friends.

But perhaps a Palestinian entity (or even a state) will be set up that will not result in irredentism or war, coexisting in peace with its neighbor in the west. It is a distant possibility but certainly not inconceivable. This would be a blessing for Israel and the Palestinians, but the blessings for Europe are less obvious. It certainly would not make the supply of Middle Eastern oil more secure. The Arab world, like many other parts of the globe, is inherently unstable, beset by many conflicts between rich and poor, left and right, Moslem orthodox fanatics and nationalists of various persuasions, not to mention the grievances of the minorities, politically ambitious army officers, et al. The Palestinian conflict has served (imperfectly, to be sure) to provide a minimum of cohesion and solidarity. Once this

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common tie no longer exists, there will be less cohesion and more strife. True, there is not much Arab unity even now, but who can seriously dispute that, but for the existence of Israel, there would be even less?

It is not in Israel's interest to serve as a lightning rod, and it should work for an arrangement that will defuse the situation even if a comprehensive solution at present is a mere chimera.

But how does one explain Lord Carrington's policy of aiming at "self-determination" regardless of the consequences? A case can be made in retrospect for Chamberlain's policy in the 1930s. A case always can be made for a policy of "naked self-interest." It may not be aesthetically pleasing and it does not go down well if accompanied by a display of moral superiority, but it does, within limits, make sense. However, a policy bound to be counterproductive does not make sense, except if seen in the light of a more general syndrome that has been spreading in Europe of late. European capitals are no longer good places to discuss political concepts and long-term perspectives. More often than not, one will be told that the middle of next week is the long-term perspective and that in the long run we are all dead. There is an unwillingness to consider the likely consequences of one's actions, an eagerness to choose the line of least resistance whatever the issue at stake, coupled with the lack of any concept or strategy —and sometimes also an admixture of envy and resentment toward the United States ("If we are impotent there is no reason that you should act forcefully . . . ").

It is a sad spectacle to watch the representatives of once great nations propounding the benefits of shortsightedness and irresponsible action and asking America to follow their example. There was a time when America was well advised to pay heed to the warnings and the suggestions of European statesmen, but these days have gone. There still is some of the old sophistication, at least on a superficial level, and some of the old charm, but beneath it there is mainly helplessness and confusion. The problem would be easier to solve if there were genuine differences of opinion between Europe and America. One could discuss and ponder them, and in the end a compromise might emerge. The trouble with Europe is that all too frequently its spokesmen no longer recognize their own best interests. And this applies, of course, not only to the Middle East. A great deal of tact, patience, and resolution will be needed to explain to Lord Carrington the difference between superior statesmanship and the abdication of responsibility.

Walter Laqueur

Walter Laqueur is the author of, among other books in political history, *Europe Since Hitler*, *A Continent Astray*, and *The Road to War*. His latest book, *The Terrible Secret* (Little, Brown), was reviewed in *TNR*, January 31, 1981.

A murderer, a maniac—and Moscow's man.

Qaddafi Spells Chaos

by Claire Sterling

Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, born in a desert nomad's tent and reared on the Koran, was a devout and austere young Moslem officer when he overthrew a senile king in 1969. Not long afterward, though, he came into an income of a billion dollars a month when Libya struck oil. Money talked.

He soon made his name as a big spender, especially in the arms department. From items like the French Mirage fighter plane and West German Leopard tank, he went on to make the biggest deal of our time with the Soviet Union: a $12-billion order for tanks, planes, artillery, missile systems—$600 worth for every man, woman, and child in Libya, $6,000 worth apiece for the Libyan army's 22,000 troops. He was in the market for nuclear weapons too. Having set out to shop for an atom bomb as early as 1970—in Peking, when he met

Claire Sterling is a foreign correspondent who has been based in Rome for 30 years. She has written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New York Times Magazine*, and the *International Herald Tribune*. This article is adapted from her book, *The Terror Network*, to be published April 15 by Reader's Digest Press/Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Copyright© 1981 by Claire Sterling.

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Mao Zedong—he appeared to be in sight of one by 1980. In the spring of that year, defectors from a team of atomic scientists told the BBC that they had been working on an atom bomb in Chasma, Pakistan, with $100 million put up by Colonel Qaddafi. Pakistan would make it but Qaddafi would own it, they said, predicting its completion by 1981.

WHAT WITH his armament, cash, ambition, and mystic exaltation, all apparently in bottomless supply, he made other names for himself as he went along. Egypt's President Sadat called him "a vicious criminal, 100 percent sick and possessed of a demon." Sudan's President Numeiry said he had "a split personality—both evil." The PLO itself called him "a madman." Deranged or not, however, he became the Daddy Warbucks of international terrorism.

He did not seem to care whether the terrorism was Black or Red, ultra right or ultra left, though his preference might shift as time went by. At the start of the 1970s, he was practically all Black. The head of his early Italy-Libya Association, afloat on Libyan money—and eventually outlawed as a right-wing terrorist front—was Claudio Mutti, one of Italy's star Nazi-Maoist terrorists, jailed in 1980 for his alleged role in the Bologna railroad station bombing. Mutti's close associate Mario Tuti, now serving a life sentence for terrorist killings, had picked up a 100,000-lire payoff from the Libyan embassy in Rome just before gunning down two policemen in 1975. Mutti claimed to have been inspired by Qaddafi's brand of "Islamic socialism." Tuti's inspirational heroes were Hitler, Mussolini, Qaddafi, and Mao Zedong, he said. Among others fighting Zionism on Qaddafi's payroll in those days was the fascist Avanguardia Nazionale, whose posters spoke for themselves. "We are with you heroic Arab-Palestinian People, and not with the Dirty, Fat Jews!" ran one.

It was during his extreme right phase that Qaddafi made his first investment in Palestinian terror abroad, providing the funds, arms, and training for the Olympic Games massacre in 1972. He was still on that side in 1973 when, enraged by the leftward drift of the Palestine Resistance, he cut off the PLO's yearly allowance of $40 million "until the movement modified its leftist stance." Nevertheless he restored the subsidy that summer, after a week's intensive talks with Palestinian leaders in Tripoli. That was when he undertook to bankroll the Carlos network, the European directorate for radical Palestinian terrorism, based in Paris, starting his own slide down the slippery leftward slope.

Almost anybody claiming to be a revolutionary could put the bite on Qaddafi after that, and did. "Apart from helping Palestinian groups, the Libyans have provided money, training, and in some cases arms for virtually every group in the world with revolutionary credentials," said US undersecretary of state David Newsom, a former ambassador to Tripoli, in 1980. The list ran from Nicaragua's Sandinistas, Argentina's Montoneros, and Uruguay's Tupamaros to the IRA Provisionals, Spanish Basques, French Bretons and Corsicans, Sardinian and Sicilian separatists, Turks, Iranians, Japanese, and Moslem insurgents in Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines, to name just some. (And, of course, Qaddafian Libyans, ready to take revenge on "disloyal" compatriots in London, Paris, and Rome were generously provided for.)

He was said to have a slush fund of $580 million for his terrorist works, in 1976. The estimate, made by his former minister of planning, Omar el-Meheishi, is probably on the low side by now. Naturally, he devoted a good part of the money to the Palestinian cause, dividing his favors between Yasser Arafat's Al Fatah and the more radical Rejection Front. He was especially prodigal on the radicals' behalf in Lebanon's two-year civil war, endowing them with no less than $100 million and the greater part of their arms supply. He also spent handsome sums on efforts to unseat "conservative" Arab rulers. He had a standing offer of one million dollars for anybody able and willing to murder Anwar Sadat, and he must have blown six or seven times that much on a rash mission to overthrow Tunisia's president, Habib Bourguiba.

HIS TUNISIAN venture, in January 1980, ended in the first public trial of Qaddafiism ever held, revealing its deep roots in Mediterranean and planetary terrorism. Of the 60-odd raiders he sent in to seize the Tunisian mining town of Gafsa, 42 lived long enough to testify before a high-security court. (They were executed afterward.) Dozens of foreign reporters flocked to the trial. Several, fascinated by what came out in the courtroom, went on to Libya for a look around on their own. For once, some of the darker patches came to light on the mysterious "Planet Libya," as the underground, anti-Qaddafi paper *Sawt Libya* called it.

The raid on Gafsa began at two o'clock on a Sunday morning, when Qaddafi's heavily armed and trained commandos crossed over from Algeria into the southern Tunisian desert. A million dollars' worth of weapons were already stockpiled in town for them, left behind when they fled in disarray. They took Gafsa utterly by surprise and held it for a day, waiting for all Tunisia to rise up in a popular insurrection. Qaddafi had assured his troops that it would, but it didn't. The survivors told their story later in copious detail.

Their commander, Ahmed Mergheni, had been in Tunisia's underground opposition for 15 years, mostly hiding out in Libya. Once before, in 1972, Qaddafi's men had sent him back over the Tunisian border to blow up the American embassy and the Jewish synagogue in Tunis, but he was caught and jailed. Released four years later, he made his way back to Libya, where he was sent to the guerrilla camp at Tinduf, then used mostly for Polisario guerrillas. Eventually, he was chosen for the Gafsa operation.

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Given a working fund of five million dollars, he was sent to Lebanon in search of Tunisians already training there with George Habash's PFLP and Naif Hawatmeh's Democratic Front. In all, Mergheni picked up 28 Tunisians in the Palestinian camps, including a specialist in handling SAM-7 ground-to-air missiles. Issued false passports by the Libyan embassy in Beirut, they flew to Rome and on to Algiers. Later they met up with the rest of the team, coming straight from Libyan camps. The rendezvous was made somewhere along the "Qaddafi Trail," the desert track traveled by Qaddafi's weekly caravans of trucks, loaded with Kalashnikovs, Makarovs, RPG-7 bazookas, and SAM-7s for the Polisario Front fighting Morocco in the western Sahara.

LOGISTICAL supplies were lavish. Apart from the huge cache of arms in Gafsa itself, the Libyans had thoughtfully scattered weapons reserves around Tunisia's main cities: Tunis, Sfax, Kairouan, Bizerte. Lest the commandos still run short—should the populace rise to a man, say—they were told about extra weapons caches available in Europe, stored there for terrorist use. Stored where? The judges preferred to hear the answer behind closed doors, but it was relayed by defense lawyers to waiting correspondents. Sicily and Corsica, they said.

All the captured raiders spoke of seeing other foreigners in Libyan camps, by the hundreds or thousands. Their political commissar, Ezzedin Sharif, obligingly filled the court in on nationalities and placenames. Several European reporters went on to Libya over the next few months to check this out, as did a three-man team from the African review *Jeune Afrique*. Here is a composite picture provided by the Tunisian commandos and foreign journalists (as published in Italy's *La Stampa*, *Il Giornale Nuovo*, *Panorama*, and *L'Europeo*, as well as *Le Nouvel Observateur* and *Jeune Afrique*). There were anywhere from 10,000 to 20,000 foreigners in the camps. About 2,000 were Egyptians, confined to a special camp at el-Beida near Tobruk; their instructors were chiefly Russians from the Tobruk base, where units of the Soviet Mediterranean fleet often called. (The Tobruk camp alone could accommodate 5,000 trainees.) The Sudanese were in another special camp at Maaten Biskara, along with guerrilla trainees from Chad. Here the instructors were Cuban as well as Russian; a nearby military landing strip had been used to airlift Cuban troops to Ethiopia in 1978.

The Tunisians themselves were concentrated at Bab Aziza, mainly with Syrian and Palestinian instructors. They were taught to handle not just the familiar Kalashnikovs, RPG bazookas, and SAM-7s, but the deadly Chilka, which fires four radar-guided 23-millimeter cannons. They were lectured daily on learning not to fear death. "Your cause is noble," they were assured incessantly.

Altogether, the Africans among them came to about 7,000. On September 1, 1979, the whole African contingent came out on parade in Benghazi, where they were observed by a *Jeune Afrique* reporter. "You would have to see this army to understand its importance for Libyan leaders," he wrote. "Seven thousand black men went goose-stepping past a hysterical crowd, under the gaze of Qaddafi, his eyes full of malice. Some drove tanks, others carried bazookas. . . ."

This was Qaddafi's famous "foreign legion," designed to destabilize Africa south of the Sahara and create a vast Libyan Empire," according to Senegal's President Leopold Senghor. Marching along in that parade, indeed, were the would-be future conquerors of Mali, Nigeria, Mauritania, the Cameroons, Tunisia, Egypt, the Sudan, Benin, Niger, Chad, Senegal, the Ivory Coast, and Polisario's chosen land of Sahraoui. (Children of the Polisario guerrillas aged nine to 18 were kept in guarded Libyan "hostels," until they reached fighting age.) "Here are the liberators of the third world!" blared the loudspeakers, as they went tramping by.

Quite a few liberators seemed to be missing. There were none in sight from the Central African realm of Emperor Bokassa, for instance. (Two hundred Libyan soldiers were in his army when he was dethroned in 1979, and 6,000 Kalashnikov assault rifles were found in his palace.) Nor were there any from Uganda, where Idi Amin was defended by both Palestinian and Libyan troops before he took desperate flight. (Qaddafi had sent 2,500 soldiers to help out when Amin made his last stand in 1979, and at least one company of armed Palestinians gave themselves up to the Sudanese afterward.)

Not one of Qaddafi's 10,000 or 20,000 foreign guerrilla trainees came from a communist state in Eastern Europe or newer Soviet client states and satellites in the third world. None seemed interested in liberating even Islamic Afghanistan, forced into the Soviet orbit by a military coup in 1978 and nailed down there by a Soviet occupation army at the end of 1979. On the other hand, a great many seemed interested in liberating the free societies of Western Europe.

For a third world operation, the whole thing showed a pronounced first world bulge. Qaddafi's camps teemed with Europeans. Among those seen at first hand were Irishmen, Germans, Spanish Basques,

Coming:
Charles Krauthammer
on the Third World.

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French Bretons and Corsicans, Italians, Greeks, Turks. Most were clustered in three camps, at Sirte, Sebha, and Az Zaouiah. But eligible candidates went on to the more exclusive Raz Hilal camp near Tokra, for the world's most advanced courses in sabotage, under Cuban and East German instructors. They could also learn to be frogmen there, for underwater warfare. Whether a coincidence or not, the IRA used frogmen to blow up Lord Mountbatten on his fishing boat.

ALL GUERRILLA trainees from abroad were checked in and out of the Libyan capital by computer. The reception center, in the Palace of the People, was run by the Arab Liaison Bureau, run in turn by the Libyan secret service (trained in turn by the East German secret police). A golden handshake after graduation included false passports, pocket money for the trip home, and a weapon or two. For Europeans, it also included the address of Libyan back-up committees in Rome, Brussels, and Frankfurt.

The Europeans, especially if on the run, could count on Qaddafi for lavish hospitality. Big shots like Carlos got handsome seaside villas, complete with staff, car, and chauffeur. Hans-Joachim Klein, wounded hero of the Carlos raid on OPEC in December 1975, wrote that on getting back to Libya he was "toasted at dinner with the foreign minister, traveled in the president's private jet, dined with the head of the secret service, and was assigned a bodyguard," along with a house. Smaller fry in the European underground got housed in a block of Tripoli flats whose whereabouts went the rounds of the Continent. (P.O. Box 4115, telephone 41184.) The European staff of Wadi Haddad, George Habash's strategic commander, often came down to Tripoli to meet with Haddad and with the chief of Libyan intelligence, Lieutenant Colonel Mustapha el-Kharubi. If they were upper-echelon, they put up at the Tripoli Hilton.

What was in it for Qaddafi?

Western countries helplessly dependent on Libyan oil liked to think he was after nothing more than the liberation of Palestine. His views on the subject were admittedly intemperate. He insisted that all Jews who had settled there since 1948 should go back where they came from, and he was apparently trying to pick them off one at a time. "Kill as many Jews as you can" were his instructions to a Palestinian team he once sent off to shoot up the airport at Istanbul.

Even so, most European governments were inclined to make allowances for terrorists in the Palestine resistance on "moral grounds"—the standard phrase used by their courts in deference to the undeniably passionate feelings of Palestinian nationalists. In Qaddafi's case, the allowances they were evidently prepared to make proved egregious.

I still remember vividly the day in December 1973 when the late Aldo Moro, then foreign minister, appeared before the Italian parliament to deny an appalling charge against Colonel Qaddafi that happened to be true. On the 17th of that month, a Palestinian hit-team had attacked a Pan American plane at Rome's Fiumicino Airport with incendiary bombs, burning 31 trapped passengers to death. Designed to block the imminent opening of Israeli-Palestinian peace talks in Geneva, the hit had absolutely nothing to do with the charred passengers in the plane, or with Italy, for that matter. It was probably the most atrocious terrorist act of the 1970s in Europe.

On investigating, the Italian Ministry of the Interior found that the hit-men had acquired their air tickets in Tripoli and were carrying weapons, fire bombs, grenades, and money provided by Libya. The interior minister's report concluded—rightly, it turned out—that Libya was responsible for this mindless tragedy. I was sitting in the press section when Moro addressed the Chamber of Deputies on the anguishing issue. He was happy to accept Qaddafi's vigorous denial of the charges, he said.

Only three months before, a tip from the Israeli Mossad had led Italian police to discover two SAM-7 heat-seeking missiles mounted on an Ostia balcony, positioned to shoot down an El Al plane taking off from Fiumicino. The SAM-7 was a top-secret weapon then, unknown to NATO experts (who examined these samples with considerable interest). The two missiles had been provided by Colonel Qaddafi and transported to Rome by a Greek courier, on instructions from Carlos in Paris. Of the five Palestinians on that hit-team, two were allowed to escape more or less legally, in a court order granting them provisional liberty. The other three were flown back to Libya in an Italian military plane.

THE ITALIAN government was behaving no differently from its European allies at the time. Throughout the decade, nearly all Western governments chose to consider ugly episodes like these as spillovers of an Arab-Israeli conflict that was essentially none of their business. Live-and-let-live understandings were reached with Colonel Qaddafi and Palestinian leaders in the Middle East, by France, West Germany, Great Britain, and Italy, in effect assuring immunity for Palestinian hit-men. (A survey by the Israel Information Center in the mid-1970s showed that of 204 Palestinians arrested for terrorist acts outside the Middle East between 1968 and 1975, only three were in jail by 1975.)

Moro himself would one day describe the bargain he made. In regard to terrorist acts on Italian soil, he wrote, "Liberty (with expatriation) was conceded to Palestinians, to avoid grave risks of reprisals. Not once, but many times, detained Palestinians were released by various mechanisms. The principle was accepted. . . . The necessity of straining formal legality was recognized. . . ." He went on to reveal that an Italian secret service agent, Colonel Stefano Giovannone, was actually sent to negotiate the terms in Lebanon—where he stays on to this day.

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Moro was a captive of the Red Brigades when he wrote this in a letter to fellow Christian Democratic leaders. He was trying desperately to show that the government, having strained legality for the Palestinians, could do as much for him, buying his life back by releasing convicted Red Brigades prisoners.

One might argue the merits of such bargains even if the Palestinians alone were concerned. But what if Europe itself was the target, for reasons having little if anything to do with Palestine? Supposing Colonel Qaddafi, for one, had something altogether different in mind?

The suspicion that he might, or did, flared in Italy in the summer of 1980. The bomb killing 84 people in Bologna's railway station that August 2—the most dreadful terrorist assault on the Continent since World War II—bore all the marks of right-wing Black terrorism, reviving after five or six dormant years just when Red terrorism seemed on the decline. Only a master in handling explosives could have done it. Who could have trained him, and where?

The Italians may never find the answer. They may not even discover whether the bomb was in fact Black, Red, or both. Either way, though, some thought they could see Colonel Qaddafi's sinister hand.

ON THE very morning of the Bologna tragedy, just a few hours before it happened, Italy's most authoritative daily had reached the newstands with an arresting front-page story. Three leaders of Libya's underground democratic opposition had talked for hours, in an unnamed European city, with reporters from the *London Daily Mirror* and the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan. Both papers plainly knew and accepted them as responsible men. They spoke of Libya as a "terrorist state, a base of conspiracy against the region's security and stability, a country that has become one vast deposit of arms, a place where terrorists and mercenaries of the entire world are concentrated. In Cufra, Gadames, Sinauen and many other camps, commandos are being trained. . . ."

Not only were there Italians in the camps, they said. "There are Italian Red Brigadists and Black Brigadists getting military training, shoulder to shoulder in the camps, learning to kill and handle arms. Qaddafi makes no distinction between the extreme right and extreme left. He uses these youths to reach one of his objectives—the destabilization of the Mediterranean area."

"Destabilization" was the operative word. The Palestinian cause would have to be stretched pretty far to embrace it.

It seemed plain all along that Colonel Qaddafi was motivated by more than a single-minded concern for Palestinian liberation. Among other things, he also had a problem of scope. There are vexing limitations to ruling a country with only 2.5 million people in it. "Libya has a great chief and small population, unlike Egypt, which has a great population and no chief," he once told Tunisian president Bourguiba. No neighbor of Libya's has therefore been safe from his efforts to enlarge his realm—by way of Tunisia itself, Egypt, Sudan, Algeria, Niger, Chad. (All these efforts failed, except for Chad, seized this year by Libyan troops armed with Soviet tanks and missiles.)

Combined with such expensive ambition was a messianic sense of mission, though just what kind was less than clear. The fundamentalist Islamic part seemed clear enough, with Qaddafi evidently casting himself as the Ayatollah Khomeini of Africa and the Mediterranean. If anything, however, he was still more virulently anticolonialist and anti-Western on his "socialist" revolutionary side: the "objectively progressive" side, in radical parlance.

HIS GREEN BOOK on Islamic Revolution might give pause to more subjective progressives. A jumble of Koranic edicts, paternal aphorisms, and sweeping equalitarian pronouncements, it proposed the abolition of property, money, interest, and government, all of which he continued to embody as Libya's absolute billionaire ruler. "In need, freedom is latent" was a thought of his in the Green Book. "To demand equality for the Female is to stain her beauty and detract from her femininity; education leading to work unsuitable to her nature is unjust and cruel" was another of his "basic rules for freedom." His sole concession to the emancipation of women was their right to own a home because "they menstruate, conceive, and care for children." It was hardly the language of Che Guevara or Mao Zedong.

The language that counted, nevertheless, was in the petrol dollars he could spread around. With the country he owned and the dreams he dreamed, here was a man who might indeed destabilize much of Africa, and the Middle East, and a good part of Europe besides—the soft underbelly of Europe, as Italy's leading commentators (and *Le Monde* in Paris) noted pointedly after the Bologna bomb.

Here also was a man who might be used in turn.

He was a delightful surprise to Soviet leaders. Premier Kosygin rushed to Libya in person to sign the $12-billion arms contract Qaddafi asked for in 1976. The Russians were laughing all the way to the bank, a Western diplomat observed.

The ink was scarcely dry on the contract when deliveries began. Russian and Cuban cargo vessels were soon to be seen in Libyan ports, unloading tons of weapons day and night. The material was incomparably superior to the obsolete junk so often dumped on Russia's third world customers. Some items hadn't yet been given to the Warsaw Pact armies, let alone to older and valued Arab clients of Russia's such as Syria and Iraq.

Among other things, Colonel Qaddafi got 2,800 modern Soviet tanks; 7,000 other armored vehicles; several hundred MIG 23, MIG 25, and MIG 27 fighters and bombers and Tupolev-B23 long-range supersonic bombers; 25 missile-launching naval craft; surface-to-

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air missiles; and even the dreaded Scud, a highly sophisticated ground-to-ground missile with a 190-mile range.

That was a lot of equipment for an army of 22,000 mostly illiterate troops (though the figure had doubled by 1980). But 12,000 Soviet military advisers came with the deal. They alone would control the MIG 25s (the MIG 25U Foxbat C), to be flown solely by Russian pilots. Two squadrons of MIG 21s based in Banbah would be piloted by over 100 North Koreans. Only Russians would be permitted to operate the missile systems. Three hundred Czech technicians were flown in for tank maintenance. Nine airstrips were built to accommodate the giant Soviet Antonovs transporting personnel and spare parts. Should the need arise, the Antonovs could fly in enough Soviet pilots and crews to man an impressive air force in a matter of days.

A thousand Libyan soldiers a year were to be trained in Russia and 3,000 more in Bulgaria, most pliant of Soviet satellites. Soviet military advisers were stationed permanently in Tripoli, Benghazi, Tobruk, and on the former US airbase at Wheelus Field. Not only did the arrangements give Russia a strong enough hold on Libya to turn its petroleum on or off for the West at will, but as Egypt's President Sadat observed, the Russians "were assured of a presence on the southern coast of the Mediterranean for the next 50 years."

THE MYSTIC of the Libyan desert didn't seem to mind. On the contrary, he appeared to be drawn irresistibly toward the archenemy of Islam. "Marxism is closer to Moslems than Christianity and Judaism," he told the *New York Times* in 1978. "It is the Christians and Jews who commit genocide. It is the atheists who call for peace and the cause of liberty." The next year he announced that he had it in mind "to join the Warsaw Pact and let the world go to hell." There were some, he said, "who officially suggest" not only that "the progressive Arab states" should join the Soviet military bloc but that "missiles with nuclear warheads should be placed in North Africa and the Arabian Peninsula to defy America's hostile policy toward the Arab nation." ("How do you feel about Soviet gulags?" *Newsweek*'s Arnaud de Borchgrave asked him on that occasion. "What's a gulag?" was his reply.)

By then, Colonel Qaddafi had ceased to criticize the atheistic demons in the Kremlin—his sole reproach was that the Russians still allowed Jews to emigrate to Israel, reported Flora Lewis in the *New York Times*—while his missionary role abroad took on an unmistakable cast. He began to cultivate Puerto Rico's separatist terrorists, paying their way to the Continent for a taste of underground high life. He homed in with his moneybags on Iran and Oman, high on the Russians' hit-list, and then on Polisario's staked-out area of the Sahara (after Oman's Dhofar insurrection was put down). He convened all of Western Europe's ultra-left groups for a conference in Malta, along with the underground left of Iran, Chile, Oman, and Puerto Rico—an intriguing choice. He organized a remarkable conference in Benghazi for a "unified plan of struggle against fascism and imperialism in America." He might have been taking over from Fidel Castro at the Benghazi Conference in 1979, judging from his guest list: Sandinistas from Nicaragua, exiled Tupamaros from Uruguay, wandering Montoneros from Argentina, Marxist guerrilla bands from Chile, Costa Rica, Bolivia, Mexico, Brazil.

HIS PRACTICAL purpose at the meeting was to revive Castro's sagging Latin American Junta for Revolutionary Coordination and its Europe brigade. Delegates came from the JCR's branch offices in Paris, Rome, Stockholm, and Madrid. What they talked about, mostly, was "how to increase the Latin American exiles' participation in international terror operations in Western Europe and the Middle East," said the London *Economist Foreign Report*.

Later that year, he co-sponsored an international gathering for the PLO in Portugal with the World Peace Council, well known—presumably even to Qaddafi, by 1979—as an instrument of the KGB. Seven hundred fifty delegates came to Lisbon from everywhere, the majority from the Soviet bloc, at Qaddafi's expense. (It cost him $1.5 million.) Their purpose was to express solidarity with the Palestinian Rejection Front. While they were at it, they also expressed solidarity with "the socialist countries, particularly the Soviet Union." Then they expressed solidarity with "the forces of peace and liberation . . . in Afghanistan." Finally, they expressed solidarity with "the people's struggle in Africa, Asia, *Europe, and the American Continent*." (Italics are mine.)

Just which people's struggle they had in mind was not left in doubt. The delegates roundly condemned "the imperialist and reactionary conspiracies hatched against the Democratic Republic of Yemen" (Russia's South Yemen). Then they condemned "reactionary attempts to disrupt peace efforts" (such as their own). They went on to condemn "the increasing military build-up in the Mediterranean to strengthen NATO's southern flank," failing to mention the build-up of the Soviet navy in the same area. Finally, they condemned NATO's determination—odious to the Kremlin—to install cruise and Pershing missiles in Western Europe, counterbalancing Soviet Russia's otherwise overpowering SS-20s. The last in particular gave the game away: it was the single most vital issue of Soviet propaganda and diplomacy in 1980.

There was nothing surprising, then, in Colonel Qaddafi's expression of his own solidarity with the Russians late that December, when they sent 100,000 troops to occupy Afghanistan. Among states representing 700,000,000 Moslems at a conference of protest, only Libya, South Yemen, Syria, and the Palestine Liberation Organization refused to condemn the Soviet invasion.

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The West must stop believing 'Heads they win; tails we lose.'

Rolling Communism Backward

by Theodore Draper

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the threatened Soviet military intervention in Poland raise a most disturbing and little discussed question. These actions are usually justified on the ground that both countries were already part of the Soviet political or security system and, therefore, the Soviets have some kind of "right" to keep them there. The question is: should the United States or any other non-communist country accept this justification?

The Soviet policy of military intervention in communist countries was codified in the so-called Brezhnev Doctrine. It was promulgated in 1968 to serve as an ideological shield for the brutal invasion of Czechoslovakia. Soviet leader Leonid I. Brezhnev took special pains to associate the doctrine with his name. In the speech in which he expounded it most fully, he explained that it was applicable whenever "external and internal forces hostile to socialism try to turn the development of a given socialist country in the direction of the capitalist system." Such a threat, he asserted, was "no longer merely a problem for that country's people, but a common problem, the concern of all socialist countries." According to this reasoning, the Soviet Union, backed by all or some members of its bloc, was entitled to send in its army in the guise of "military assistance" to put down the threat.

This speech was delivered on November 12, 1968, in Warsaw at the Fifth Congress of the Polish Communist party. Brezhnev effusively congratulated the Polish party for "its fine example of a principled Marxist-Leninist policy and of fidelity to the principles of socialist internationalism." If the Soviets should decide to apply the Brezhnev doctrine to Poland in the near future, Brezhnev no doubt will have reason to congratulate the now housebroken Czechoslovak party for its "fine example" against the Poles.

The Brezhnev doctrine rests on another article of faith that is more far-reaching in its larger implications and ultimate importance. It is the tenet of communist "irreversibility." This rule holds that a communist state must never be permitted to free itself from communism—in practice the kind of communism that the Soviet Union tolerates—or to break out of the Soviet orbit. Once a communist state, always a communist state—that is the principle. Just what deviations from Soviet theory and practice can be tolerated is no longer as clear as it used to be. But it is safe to say that two things cannot be tolerated: loss of control of its people by a national party, and loss of control of the national party by the Soviet Union. In Poland today, the national party is well on its way to losing control of the Polish people; in Czechoslovakia in 1968, the Soviet Union lost control of the national party.

The Soviet intervention in Afghanistan conforms more to the second criterion than to the first. On the face of it, there would not seem to be much of anything in Afghanistan to warrant a full-scale military invasion. Economically, Afghanistan produces nothing that the Soviet Union does not have or that it needs. Strategically, the Soviet Union does not need to go through Afghanistan to get to Iran and the Persian Gulf. The Soviets have a long border with Iran; they practiced going directly into Iran during their takeover of Azerbaijan in 1942-46. The Soviets are unlikely to go into Pakistan through Afghanistan. There is a short Soviet-Pakistan border. A Soviet takeover of Pakistan would be an economic, social, and logistical nightmare; it would send tremors of insecurity into the domain of the Soviets' good friend Indira Gandhi, who would have no buffer against new neighbors.

There remains only the political reason—the doctrine of irreversibility. That it should have been applied to Afghanistan suggests to what absurd lengths the Brezhnev leadership is willing to go on its behalf.

The dates are eloquent. Mohammed Noor Taraki seized power by a coup in April 1978. Backed by the Soviet Union, he signed a Treaty of Friendship, Good-Neighborliness and Cooperation with the Soviets in December 1978. Taraki was overthrown and murdered by Hafizullah Amin in September 1979. Amin was also backed by the Soviets at first; the Soviet press hailed him as a great leader and worthy ally. Then something went wrong. The assumption is that Amin was guilty of a "nationalist deviation"—that is, he proved to be more independent than the Soviets had bargained for. Amin allegedly called in the Soviets in late December 1979, whereupon he was immediately murdered and replaced by the present puppet, Babrak Karmal. The operation was so clumsy that the world was expected to believe that Amin had asked for help from his own executioners. Karmal made the original story even more grotesque by accusing Amin of having been "an agent of the CIA and American imperial-

(continued on page 24)

Theodore Draper is the author of *The Roots of American Communism* and *American Communism and Soviet Russia*, both published by Viking.

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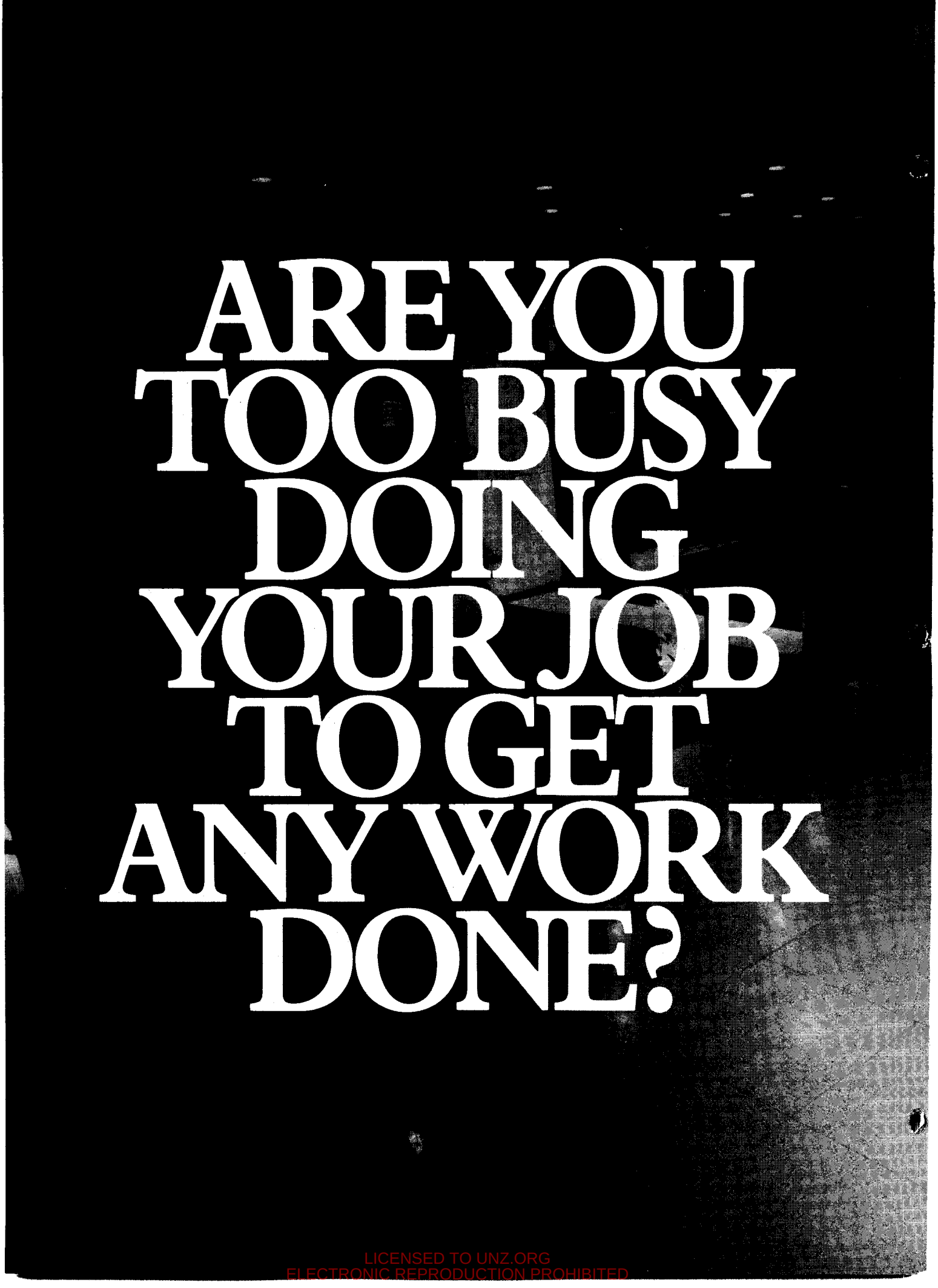

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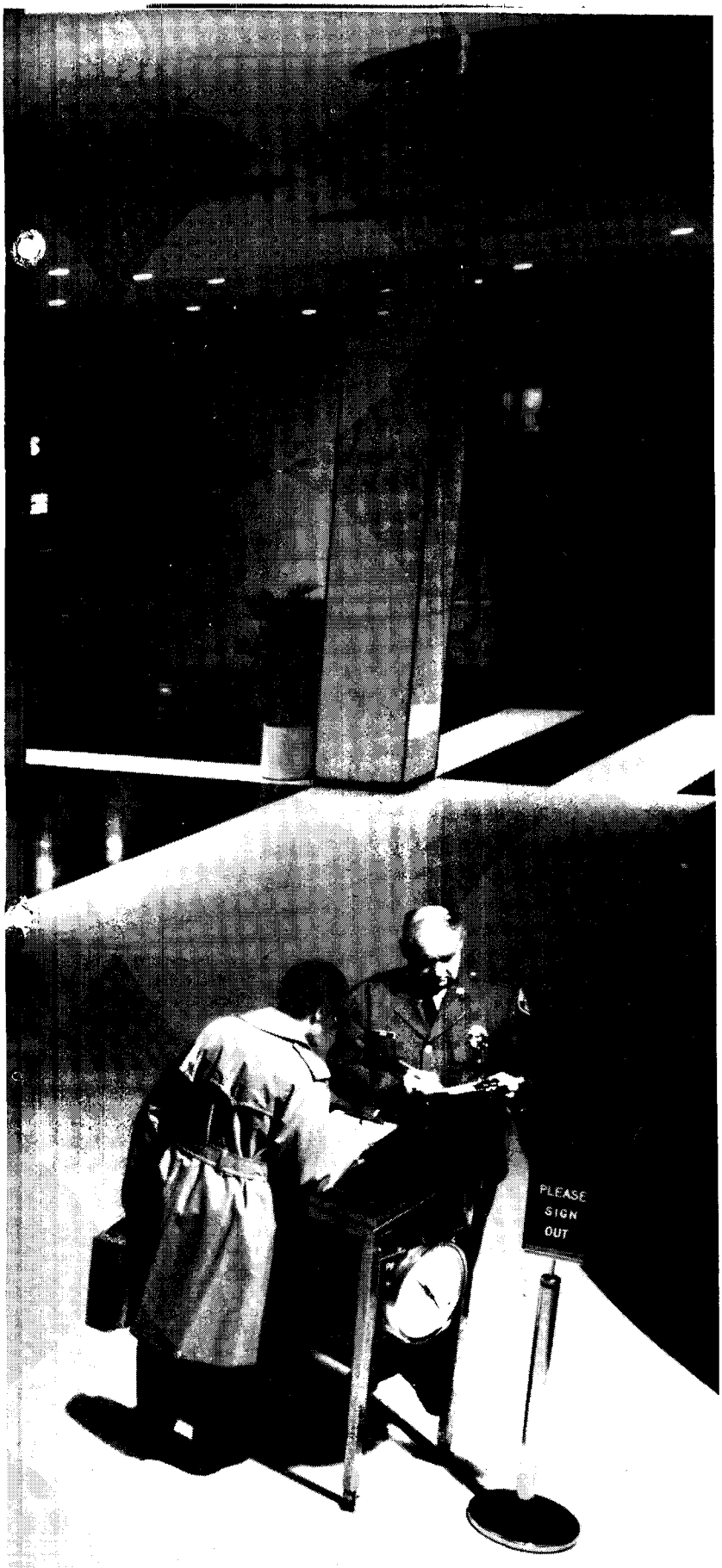

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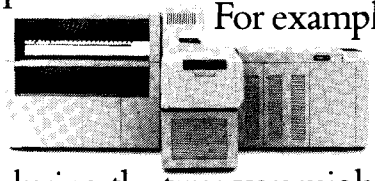

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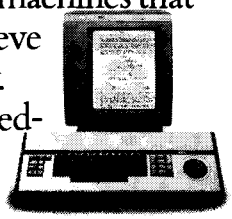

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ism." No effort was ever made to explain how the Soviets could have been stupid enough to have backed an agent of the CIA and American imperialism, and how such an agent could have been so imbecilic as to have called in the Soviet army to save him.

Unfortunately for the Soviet leadership, the Brezhnev Doctrine could not be applied to Afghanistan in all its primordial purity. The restoration of capitalism could be charged against the Dubček regime in Czechoslovakia in 1968 with at least a semblance of economic rationality; the Czechoslovak social and economic order conceivably could be made to work under some form of capitalism. But Afghanistan could hardly be accused of the same crime, because it would have had to have capitalism before it could be said to restore it. The idea of capitalism in Afghanistan would have brought tears of laughter rolling down Karl Marx's cheeks. Instead of restoring capitalism, Amin had to be charged with taking Afghanistan out of the "socialist camp" and serving "American imperialism."

Now let us go back to the dates. The doctrine of irreversibility had to be applied in a country where the original Soviet figurehead, Taraki, had been put into power less than two years before the Soviet intervention, and his successor, Amin, had been in power for only about three months. Each of them hardly had time to do more than murder as many as possible of the other's faction. Yet, as Robert G. Kaiser reports in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*, a Soviet official, who was himself allegedly unhappy about the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, explained it in these terms: "The armies of socialism march only in one direction." Unhappy as he may have been, this official apparently thought it was a sufficient explanation from a Soviet point of view. If it must be maintained in Afghanistan, it seems we have reached the point where the doctrine of irreversibility must be upheld at all costs.

THE POLISH CASE presents a more orthodox version of irreversibility. Poland has been ruled by the Communist party since the end of World War II. The Polish party's loss of control unquestionably presents the greatest threat to Soviet rule in Eastern Europe in almost 40 years. What attitude should we adopt to the doctrine in general and to its application to Poland in particular?

One attitude was expressed by Ronald Steel in *The New Republic* ("After the Binge," February 14):

> Would we come to the aid of the Poles if the Russians invaded? Of course not. The matter is not even open to question. Poland is an integral part of the Soviet bloc and the Soviet security system. This was tacitly acknowledged in the postwar settlement of 1945 and never seriously challenged since. If we resist telling the Poles to give it a try, it is because we know what will be the likely consequences for them—and for us. And we have to resist giving them any false hopes of armed support that we have not the slightest intention of honoring.

This is bad history and worse politics. There never was any postwar settlement in 1945 that acknowledged, tacitly or otherwise, that Poland was an integral part of the Soviet bloc. Serious efforts were made by the United States to arrive at a compromise on the status of Poland and to resist the total Sovietization of Poland for at least two more years. Those efforts failed because the United States did not have or was unwilling to use the power necessary to make them succeed. The Soviet determination of Poland's fate was a *fait accompli*—that and nothing more. It was so little acknowledged politically by the United States that John Foster Dulles was willing to raise the issue again in the form of "liberation" and "rollback" in the early 1950s. Dulles's catchwords were empty rhetoric; he had nothing with which to back them up. He betrayed his own professions in 1956 when he turned on Britain and France during their Suez operation and turned away from the risings in Hungary and Poland that very year. Actually, Dulles himself never gave Eastern Europe any false hopes of armed support; his fault was that he encouraged them to break away with the understanding that "separation from Moscow" could be achieved peacefully. But whatever Dulles's faults were, they hardly can be said to suggest US acknowledgment of a Polish postwar settlement of 1945.

A "SETTLEMENT" implies an agreement in which differences have been composed by both sides. In this sense, there was no settlement; there was only an American failure to dissuade the Soviet Union from setting up a Soviet-style regime in Poland. That failure was due to the adverse circumstances of almost four decades ago. Among those adverse circumstances were the catastrophic state of postwar Poland as well as the inability of the United States to influence the Soviet Union by diplomatic means alone. A movement such as Solidarity was unthinkable in 1945-47. That it exists today shows that the internal circumstances have fundamentally changed. The decisive factor is no longer armed support by the United States.

What purpose is served today by sagely advising the Polish workers and farmers that they should not count on any false hopes of armed support by the United States? Is anyone in the United States even hinting at such armed support? What purpose is served by telling the Polish popular leaders that the United States has tacitly acknowledged a settlement of 1945 making Poland an integral part of the Soviet bloc and the Soviet security system? Is this message supposed to mean that Solidarity and its sympathizers are guilty of breaking a settlement tacitly entered into by the United States and, therefore, unacceptable to both the Soviet Union and the United States? Why should we resist telling the Poles "to give it a try" as if we are in a position to tell them what they should try or as if it makes any difference what we resist telling the Poles?

The whole attitude is condescending to the United States and patronizing to the Poles. It is condescending to the United States because it solemnly warns against

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something that no American of any importance has shown the slightest sign of proposing. It is patronizing to the Poles because it assumes that they are not smart enough to know from their own experience that we could not have the slightest intention of honoring false hopes of armed support.

Steel finds it necessary to threaten the Poles with "the likely consequences for them—and for us" if they try to refuse to play their assigned role as an integral part of the Soviet bloc and the Soviet security system. The not-so-subtle hint is that Soviet-communist rule in Poland is irreversible and that the Polish people need to be forewarned of the likely consequences if they are counting on American armed support to make it reversible. Yet, having gotten rid of this red herring, Steel recognizes that "the Soviet decision will be based primarily on what happens within Poland, and to a much lesser degree on a reluctance to endanger relatively good relations with Eastern Europe." We may ignore those relatively good relations with Eastern Europe, but he is undoubtedly right about the primacy of "what happens within Poland." Such irruptions have occurred in Eastern Europe about every dozen years. The system of Soviet bondage and tutelage ultimately cannot survive such regular, increasingly cataclysmic upheavals within the "socialist camp." There is no need in these circumstances to lecture those who have to take all the risks about a fictitious postwar settlement in 1945 or about the likely consequences of trying to challenge it. If we cannot give them armed support, at least we do not have to treat them as if we have to tell them the facts of life in mournful tones.

THE DOCTRINE of communist irreversibility is only one side of the coin. The other side is non-communist reversibility. The latter is the unspoken, implicit part of the combination.

In 1960, for example, then Soviet first deputy premier Anastas I. Mikoyan traveled to Havana and made a first commercial deal with Fidel Castro. Since then, Castro has turned Cuba into one of the more oppressive communist states, with a self-styled Communist party, vast subsidies from the Soviet Union, and an army at the disposal of the Soviet Union for military adventures in distant continents. Non-communist Cuba was reversed into communist Cuba 90 miles from the United States.

The present case of El Salvador is equally instructive. The political and social virtues and vices of both sides in El Salvador have no bearing on this aspect of Soviet-American relations. We now have confirmation, from the Soviet embassy in Washington, of what was previously known—that Soviet arms shipments to Cuba are transshipped elsewhere without any Soviet restrictions on the destinations of the arms. The Cubans, in effect, act as Soviet agents or intermediaries in supplying Soviet arms to the Salvadoran rebels and others. The difference between direct Soviet intervention in El Salvador and this gimmick of indirect intervention would impress only a political moron.

Is communism in Cuba irreversible? Is non-communism in El Salvador reversible? The answers remain to be seen. Meanwhile, we cannot evade the questions in principle.

OF COURSE the question is not one of principle only. What the United States should do in any given case is conditioned by what the United States can do. Dulles was culpable for pretending that the United States had a policy of "liberation" and "rollback" without any practical means to bring them about. Nevertheless, does it mean that the liberation of Eastern Europe and the rollback of Soviet power to its own borders was wrong in principle? Tilting against John Foster Dulles's windmills in 1981 does not begin to answer this question.

The Soviets constantly invite us to join them in political double-bookkeeping. The whole communist world is irreversible, but the whole non-communist world is reversible. It is astonishing how successfully they manage to play this double game far outside their own ranks. This asymmetry is rarely brought into the open. It is taken for granted, without thought of its implications.

Those implications would foreclose the future. If communism is irreversible and non-communism of whatever variety is reversible; if the armies of "socialism" march only in one direction (forward), and the armies of capitalism, democracy, or anything else also march in one direction (backward), the end of the road has been clearly marked out. The end must be the universal conquest of communism.

This is where the doctrine of communist irreversibility irresistibly leads. It leads there in principle. Whether it can or will ever be achieved in practice may well be doubted. But a victory of such dimensions even in principle is no small gain. If there is to be any reciprocity in Soviet-American relations, there is no reason to concede irreversibility to Soviet political and security interests any more than reversibility to American political and security interests. There is no more reason to acknowledge irreversibility in Afghanistan or Poland than there is in Cuba or El Salvador. Poland may be an integral part of the Soviet bloc and Soviet security system, and the United States may be unable or unwilling to come to the aid of the Poles if the Russians invade. But the Soviet bloc and Soviet security system are not immune—any more than are the American bloc and American security system—from being reversed from within as well as from without. Nothing in this world is irreversible forever. If the only thing that can save Soviet communism in Poland from being reversed is the brute force of military invasion, the Soviet system has already been reversed in every respect that humanly counts and ultimately matters.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Touching on the Touchy

I'm one of the three or four people on the planet who were not amused by *La Cage aux Folles*. It seemed to me a creaky old farce with one switch: the "wife" of the husband in a jam was not a woman but a transvestite. The fact that I got some fun out of the sequel, called *La Cage aux Folles II*, confirms my reaction to *Folles I*. The new script, by Francis Veber, has much more ingenuity and surprise and gets much more varied farcical mileage out of the transvestite idea. (One of Veber's assistants on the story line was Jean Poiret who wrote the play on which *Folles I* was based. Poiret, a well-known French cabaret figure, plays the elderly homosexual director in Truffaut's *The Last Metro*.)

The central characters, the Nice night-club owner and his drag star "wife," are again Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault, Michel Galabru is once again the irate politico related by marriage to Tognazzi. The plot this time embroils the main pair in the battles of spy rings, with lots of chases and a number of corpses. That's probably one of the reasons *Folles II* is better—the closer a farce comes to the threat of death, the funnier it tends to be. Part of the plot takes the pair to Italy, to hide out in Tognazzi's old farmstead home, so Serrault, as his "wife," has to take "her" place in the Italian-peasant wifely ranks, working in the fields.

The twists really keep twisting. Just when a situation looks as if it's running dry, a new gag—logical, or logical enough—comes along like a whack on a hoop just when it starts to wobble. Right to the very end. As with any good farce, you feel that the last funny bit is squeezed in just as the curtain is falling, that if it hadn't fallen, there would have been more.

Serrault has the role down pat. The part is a walkaway for an actor: Serrault has been in dozens of films before, never especially impressive. (In France he's familiar in music halls and on TV as Jean Poiret's partner.) Tognazzi is a real actor, a good actor, memorable in many films including *Il Federale*. He does his sorely-tried-devotion act again with complete competence. Galabru is made tolerable, which is to say restrained, by the director Edouard Molinaro who, last name to the contrary, is French. Molinaro began his film career in 1957 with a Jeanne Moreau picture, a thriller called *Back to the Wall*, and has worked steadily since. I heard Molinaro speak at the Karlovy Vary Film Festival in 1964 where, after a lot of highfalutin talk by others on directors' "problems," he said modestly that a director's chief problem is survival: how to live and get a chance to make films. I'm glad that Molinaro survives: he knows how to tell a story clearly and cleanly.

What about offense? I've already heard rumbles because my review of *Fort Apache, The Bronx* made no mention of the protests against the film by black and Hispanic residents of the South Bronx who complain that the picture makes everyone in their area seem criminal. What about offense to homosexuals in the *Folles* series (which it may turn out to be)? I don't know of any gay protests, like the ones against *Cruising*. Is the difference that the *Folles* films are farces? But aren't gay people offended by the swishings of Serrault and the black house-man? Do these characters represent gays any more completely than the sadists and masochists in *Cruising*? Is *Folles* more balanced toward gays than *Fort Apache* is toward South Bronx ethnics?

Or *does* comedy make the difference? Is that why no Jewish group has objected to Mel Brooks's clannishness or Woody Allen's involuted Jewish self-mockery? (Myself, I get more bristly when someone on a TV talk show refers to himself as "just a Jewish boy from Brooklyn" or wherever—aggrandizement by snivel.) But then why were some young Chinese-Americans handing out protest leaflets at the theater where *Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen* was being previewed? (My own protest was to leave after 30 minutes of the soggy spoof.)

These questions contradict one another, and I don't have the answers. All I have, I *think*, is a rule of thumb, quite subjective: if a film seems to leave a relatively unprejudiced viewer with an animus—forget the prejudiced, they're beyond consideration in these matters—then protest. Where that doesn't seem to be the case, protest can be just a vogue action ("Now it's *our* turn") abetted by the media.

I couldn't feel that any rational viewer of *Fort Apache* who reads the newspapers would either be shocked at its information or would assume that the film told the whole story. Would the protesters feel better if, as in TV, there had been one cardboard good guy? *Fort Apache* is already trite enough, in its characterizations and drama: would it

Films Worth Seeing

Les Bons Débarras (*Good Riddance*). A 13-year-old French-Canadian girl contrives desperately, immorally, unsuccessfully, to preserve the perfect love between her mother and herself. Beautifully acted.

Kagemusha. Akira Kurosawa, nearly 70 and pretty near the top of his form, with a 16th-century epic in which war is the setting for all drama.

Napoleon. Abel Gance's four-hour silent film, 1927, explodes with high-flown visual rhetoric. Unique, overwhelming, questionable only later.

Raging Bull. An Italian-American prizefighter as an almost medieval embodiment of Fury. Robert De Niro, the star, Martin Scorsese, the director, pack the screen from first frame to last.

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have been better to dull whatever truthfulness it has with theatrical moralism?

I don't equate the materials of *Folles* and of *Fort Apache* in any way other than that interested groups might object to either. And the comedy of the former is impossible for the latter, comedy that at least accepts homosexuality as being in the world and proceeds from that acceptance. But, sensitized by the action around *Fort Apache*, I couldn't help thinking of the possibility of protest about *Folles*, which I certainly hope won't happen, and of the facileness of protest these days. Eternal vigilance is still the price of liberty: but the liberty of filmmakers, within the bounds of honest and civilized intent, needs vigilant protection too.

For another instance, there may be some Jews nutty enough to protest *Eyewitness* because it shows Jewish killers who kill as Jews. Such a protest would be more ridiculous than any of the ones contemplated above because the film is worse than trivial and because the protest would imply that there is no such thing as an Israeli secret agent prepared to use extreme measures. But those hungry for protest can find a cause here (and can thereby magnify a piece of junk).

The script is by Steve Tesich, that abysmal playwright who, by facing the adolescence which had maimed his other work, managed to write a breezy comedy about adolescence in *Breaking Away*. Here Tesich is back being dramatic and profound at about the level of the hero of *Breaking Away*. William Hurt is the night-shift janitor in a New York office building, a Vietnam veteran in love with a TV newswoman whom he has never met. A man is murdered in his building; a TV crew comes to cover the story; and, as they say, et cetera. Sigourney Weaver is the TV woman, and the least of the script's guffaws is that she dallies with the janitor in order to get some info she thinks he's holding back: then, thanks to the squooshy dialogue that Tesich gives the man, falls in love with him.

Weaver is Jewish as, coincidentally, are her parents. (Her mother is the great Irene Worth in need of better make-up and in need of a better part.) Her parents are the connection between Weaver and a scheme to get Jews out of Soviet Russia to Israel. Christopher Plummer, another great talent slithering away, plays an Israeli operative in love with Weaver.

Peter Yates, the director, has previously done some fair work, like *Breaking Away* and *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*. Not this time. Not in a film where the hero gets into an immense trash-compacter in the office-building basement only so that someone can switch it on while he's in there. Hurt, who was in that other trash-compacter, *Altered States*, is making a life's work out of the giant-with-the-soul-of-a-small-boy business. Weaver has a mouth like an implanted pout and the emotional range to fit it (though—on stage at least—she's a bit better at comedy). This picture full of "philosophic" throwaway lines and hot topicality ends with a fight for a pistol on the ground under horses' hoofs—in Manhattan today but right out of Tom Mix, vintage 1924.

The Culture Watch

The End of the Spiritual Hierarchy

by Robert Brustein

The proposed cuts in the programs and budgets of the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities serve to underline a growing threat to the social design of this country, the implications of which are wide and menacing. For the new budgetary policy will extend, and very possibly conclude, a process that already is in an advanced stage, having proceeded inexorably for the last 10 years—the extinction of the non-profit sector as we know it. Our much-vaunted pluralism has always rested on the assumption that a democratic state accommodates both public concerns and private interests. The private or profit-making sector, like our personal instincts, is based on principles of self-interest and acquisition, while the public or non-profit sector, representing our social conscience, has traditionally been communally based and service oriented. This social geometry, with its parallel non-competing sectors of private and public enterprise, has a religious basis, being an inheritance of the middle ages when Christianity split into two separate constituencies: the hierarchy of office, devoted to the administration of the church and its continued prosperity, and the hierarchy of spirit, charged with preserving the animating spiritual ideas of early Christianity. The leaders of the first hierarchy became princes of the church and papal functionaries, while the adherents of the second became the church's saints and anchorites and theologians.

Although the concept of a spiritual hierarchy was not officially built into our Constitution, it was always an unwritten law of our social system, encouraging devotion to public service in our political life and charity among the religious. The growth of the private foundation, for example, probably was stimulated by an essentially theological assumption—that a portion of the capital acquired by individuals through ruthless business practices should be returned to the victims in the form of grants. Only by creating foundations could the Fords, the Rockefellers, and the Mellons still hope to enter the Kingdom of Heaven while preserving the lion's share of the family fortune for their heirs and assigns.

As the church lost some of its spiritual authority in this country, however, other institutions began to assume certain aspects of its hierarchical function. Chief among these was the American university, whether privately sponsored or state funded. In keeping with its origins as a religious institution, the university could act as a repository of truth and ideas, devoted to a crucial service (education and research) without regard to profit or aggrandizement; and its wealthier sons and daughters were expected to acknowledge this in the form of generous alumni contributions and endowments. Medicine was perceived in a similar idealized way, and so, later, were the arts. By supporting the local hospital or contributing to cancer research, by sitting on the board of the symphony, by purchasing season subscriptions to dance companies and repertory theaters, by sending checks to public television and public radio net-

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works, prosperous individuals and foundations and corporations could discharge some of the social, cultural, even spiritual obligations formerly directed toward the church. In other words, private enterprise—recognizing its responsibility toward public enterprise—began to contribute significantly to its health and survival.

This sense of responsibility already had received government endorsement during the administration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, when taxes on private income were used to support not only the social welfare of the citizenry in the form of relief checks and bread lines but also its cultural needs in the form of aid to needy artists. Such federal agencies as the National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities, founded in the 1960s, simply institutionalized an existing policy. Aid to education, subsidy of public broadcasting, grants to the arts and humanities—these manifestations of official conscience gradually were built into the budgetary process as a form of modern tithes on private income. Few complained; many welcomed them. One began to hope that, culturally, America finally was coming of age.

The National Endowments, however, grew slowly—much too slowly to provide more than a fraction of the expenses of non-profit institutions (five percent at most). At the same time, the presence of the Endowments—coupled with a faltering economy—encouraged the other funding agencies to reduce their commitments to the arts and humanities, on the assumption that the government was picking up the bill. The first to turn away were wealthy individuals, the traditional patrons of the arts; then private foundations sharply cut their cultural budgets; and finally the small annual increases in Endowment appropriations proved insufficient even to cover the cost of inflation, considering that, under pressure from politicians, grants sometimes were being disbursed on the basis of geography as much as quality. Inevitably the crunch between the growing costs of "labor-intensive" non-profit organizations and the declining level of unearned income forced these hard-pressed institutions either to uncover new sources of financing or to develop new funding strategems—or to go under.

Whatever the choice, one result was that the boundary line separating the profit from the non-profit sector narrowed to invisibility, as their functions began to overlap. Public broadcasting, for example—originally introduced as an alternative to commercial television—now felt compelled to compete with the networks both in the nature of some of its offerings and in the source of some of its support. Aside from the efforts of certain adventurous local stations, PBS programing at best had been relentlessly middlebrow, featuring such cultural uplift as *Live From Lincoln Center*, along with bundles from Britain like *Masterpiece Theater* and the odd documentary. But now its news features, miniseries, movies, and docudramas often were coming to seem virtually indistinguishable from the commercial competition, which was always in a better position to produce such pap. Under these conditions, PBS inevitably began to fall prey to the depredations of the commercial networks, one of whose cable divisions has just run off with a prime PBS staple, the imports from the BBC. Not only is its federal support being threatened with drastic cuts by the Reagan administration, but even viewer support may be in jeopardy, since PBS, lacking artistic ambition or experimental daring, is not likely to generate much excitement or loyalty in the future.

As for the non-profit resident theaters—designed, like public broadcasting, as alternatives to the commercial system—these too began to change their form and purpose in response to increasing financial pressures. The recently formed alliance between Broadway and the non-profit theaters was arranged in order to increase revenues for these sorely tried institutions by letting them participate financially in the commercial reproductions of their home-grown products. But, as I have repeated perhaps too insistently and am obliged to say again, the inevitable result was to change them from theaters organically rooted in their own communities into way stations for work en route to New York. I do not doubt that most people prefer this kind of programing; there are always larger audiences for tryouts and road shows at the local Shubert than for the more difficult company work originating in resident theaters. My point is that resident theaters were founded to provide another kind of theatergoing experience than that currently available during trips downtown or weekends in New York. It is easy enough to see how a partially subsidized nonprofit theater producing a Neil Simon comedy with an all-star cast in anticipation of a later Broadway run violated the original mandate of a decentralized artistic movement. But even on a more ambitious level, it proved difficult to move productions to New York while the season was in progress without betraying a theater's principles and changing its nature. Inevitably, the resident company was dismembered or dissolved in favor of pickup casts; and, inevitably, the schedule was influenced by what might prove appealing to Broadway producers. Whereas plays previously had been selected for the development of the artists and the edification of the community, they now were being chosen more often on the basis of what could move profitably.

The university, with a tradition of service and disinterestedness dating from the middle ages, was undoubtedly

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the strongest, most impregnable area of public enterprise. But faced now with colossal deficits and an inflation-shrunken portfolio, even the universities were being pressured to abandon their traditional independence from the commercial sector. This independence always had been rather problematical anyway, since the university endowment was largely invested in corporate stocks. But something else was beginning to happen that seemed new. In the 1960s the university had experienced demands from its more radical students to help solve the problems of the poor; now it was facing internal and external pressures to help solve the problems of corporations. When it refused to do the first, its buildings were occupied; were it to refuse to do the second, its buildings would be unheated. The rising cost of energy, of renovating deteriorating facilities, of keeping faculty salaries commensurate with inflation, were expenses not being met by annual increases in tuition, however startling these might seem to undergraduates; and like the other penurious divisions of the non-profit sector, the university was being threatened with drastic cutbacks by the Reagan administration. In common with them, not surprisingly, the university began to look elsewhere for added sources of income, sometimes contemplating ventures that could have far-reaching effects on the nature of its work.

Most of these have been blocked, but it is significant that they have even been considered. Recently, for example, Harvard—whose endowment, though the highest in the world, is not sufficient to prevent an anticipated deficit next year—revealed that it had held discussions with a commercial firm regarding the possibility of starting a partnership in DNA research. Only strong reaction from the faculty prevented this distinguished university from going into the gene-splicing business. Nearby in Cambridge, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was offered a sizable contribution from high technology companies on Route 128 if it would agree to train engineers for their firms. MIT's refusal to start an employment training program for industry attracted considerable wrath from the business world, the community, and even the *Boston Globe*, which ran an editorial criticizing the university's lack of public spirit. In a related development, Yale University recently sold its Brasher doubloon to a commercial dealer, thus establishing the principle that an educational institution could market its artistic and cultural assets to help reduce its deficit (the *Globe* editorialized against this as well—more cogently, to my way of thinking). These are just three examples of incidents I am familiar with; perhaps they are not typical, perhaps it is premature to consider them part of a trend. But if some of the wealthiest universities in the country are feeling pressured to step over the line into the profit sector, what must be happening to academic institutions with more meager means?

I do not pretend to offer a comprehensive survey of the problem; I am merely trying to declare it. I offer these examples as further evidence of a process that is occurring in many areas of American life—in the book world, for instance, in newspaper and magazine publishing, in civic services, in medicine. It adds up to the not-so-gradual erosion of public enterprise in this country which, if it continues at the present rate, surely will have an extraordinary impact both on the nature of these institutions and on all those they touch and influence. Instead of helping to guarantee the integrity of the non-profit sector, the profit-making world now is threatening to swallow it up.

The hierarchy of spirit, impure and compromised though it may be in actuality, has had value through the ages largely as a Platonic idea. It serves as a locus of other possibilities, as an exemplary model, often as a breeding ground for new thought and progressive creation. It has been tolerated and supported by the hierarchy of office largely for practical reasons. Without its sometimes irritating presence, neither the government nor the corporate world could long continue to do business. Recognizing this, the hierarchy of office usually offers it the most attention after some notable national failure or setback—like the Russians beating us into space with Sputnik or humiliating us in the cultural exchange. Poor and unprofitable, the non-profit sector always has depended on the kindness of strangers. Now, because of a complex of problems created by our economic dilemmas, this kindness is in short supply. Federal support for the non-profit sector, by contrast with that of other civilized countries, has always been something of an embarrassment; the proposed cuts by Reagan threaten to make it a national disgrace. To allow public enterprise to founder for lack of

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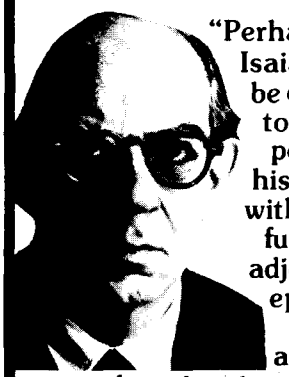

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material means, however, would be an act of incredible shortsightedness, for the hierarchy of spirit represents a last defense against cynicism and despair. Our present-day society is too intent on balancing budgets and reducing inflation to worry much about the peripheral loss of the spiritual hierarchy. But if we abandon the institutions that give us hope, then our material recovery will prove a hollow achievement indeed.

The Costume of Class

The Official Preppy Handbook
edited by Lisa Birnbach

(Workman Publishing; $3.95)

This book is so far the year's steadiest number one best seller. Some people express surprise that, on this subject, its clever editor should bear such a name. Even if their doubts were justified, they can be reassured by her list of collaborators. This includes names as inimitable as Bradford Warren Agry, Alison Verity Collins, Freeborn Garretson Jewett, William Neville Tifft, Thomas Ruffin Vandeventer, and Thomas Caine Wyndbrandt, which suggest that our guides ought to be reliable. Others are no less surprised that the editor was previously a writer for the *Village Voice*. But there could be no better preparation. The *Voice* is a broadsheet for closet Preppies; its purpose, to *épater la bourgeoisie*. Alexander Cockburn is, in more senses than one, just Preppy revolting. He's also cute: a Prep accolade.

But this brings us at once to one of the questions that the book raises. It is richly observant of Prep world, makes fun of it so that we need not be ashamed to be caught reading it, but in the end only reinforces the Preppy. Its tongue is only in its cheek; it does not stick its tongue out. It will have the Preppies in stitches—defined in the Prep lexicon here as "the state you're in when you find something funny"—but will not make them see themselves as funny. No serious cause here for basic insecurity. Preppies *are* apart, no doubt of it; Preppies *will* go on forever. The book tracks the Preppy from the cradle but ah!, not to the grave. If the Preppy dies . . . but to think of such a thing! And so the book doesn't. It misses a point here. Preppies may indeed not die; but they are very good at funerals.

Preppies are born; go to school (otherwise they could not have holidays); have sex, at least of a sort; hold down a good job; marry their kind; give birth; are serious while they make money; go boating; restore furniture; do good works; have tailgate picnics; find good deals on bulk liquor; and drink bloodies for the rest of their lives. In a preposterously democratic age, this is all reassuring to Preppies. It is therefore not surprising that the editor is now reaping her rewards. She is working the lecture circuit, especially in Prep towns, where naturally she is received ecstatically. When she went to Charlottesville, I am told, she was welcomed by the mayor. He had in fact proclaimed it Preppy Day.

I hate to spoil it all, especially when I come from what, at least in Preppy eyes, is assumed to be Prep Heaven. (The Preppy picture of Heaven—for though Preppies may not die, there is a Preppy Paradise—is rather like that in Rupert Brooke's poem: "And in that Heaven of all their wish, there shall be no more land, say fish"; and England is assumed, oddly, to be its earthly configuration.) I know that it is un-Preppy to say so, but Preppies should be taken more seriously, if one is going to write of them at all. Within its limits, this book is successful. But in the end it does not—dare one say it?—get at the Soul of the Preppy. Cantankerous as you no doubt are, as readers of this journal, you probably scoff that Preppies do not have souls. Then you are wrong. Look at George Bush. All the Preppies I know call him George: they all seem to have been at school with him, which in a way is true, for there is really only one Prep school. But the point of George is that he harbors the Preppy soul. It is as much in his eyes as in those of a Preppy dog.

If full justice were ever to be done to the Preppy, it would take a crashing Scandinavian bore like Thorstein Veblen. His book might not have been so successful as this (although we forget that in Chicago in the 1920s there were Veblen Girls—"perhaps Gibson girls," Mencken observed, "grown middle-aged and despairing"), but it would have been intellectually more adventurous. Scandinavians are very good at getting at the soul—think of Ibsen, think of Swedenborg—for what else can they see in those long arctic nights? Veblen would have appreciated the importance of all the Preppy motifs and dress and habits that are described here. But he would have made more of them, and it may seem to some, as it did to Mencken, that he made too much of things. But I must say in defense of my profession that we are meant to make much of little.

This book could have been a groundbreaking work of sociology. But it is too much of a catalogue. I have indeed seen men on the Eastern shuttle, obviously not Preppy, reading it with straight faces as if it were a catalogue. They probably go home and break their backs and their budgets and their wives to buy what this book stipulates as Preppy. After all, the editor says it in her introduction: "In a true democracy everyone can be upper class and live in Connecticut. It's only fair." I was also reading the book on the shuttle. I thought of concealing it in the covers of the *Public Interest*, but decided that if I had it I would flaunt it. I adjusted my face to show only a smile and occasionally a smirk of insouciance. *I* wasn't reading it as a catalogue, of course. *I* wasn't penciling the names of the retailers.

If one was raised in what is considered Preppy Heaven, after all, one can afford to laugh aloud at Preppy Earthlings. But there's the rub. (There should be a section in this book on Preppy Shakespeare: the lines that Dick Cavett—the Prep talk-show host—uses). I believe that the still unrivaled power of Veblen as a social observer was that he knew and did not disdain in himself the power of envy. Just as I suspect the gentile who says that he has never felt the inkling of anti-Semitism in him, so I suspect those who say that they never wish that they could take it easy like the Preppy. Oh! just for one day, to be so effortlessly and ineffably fatuous, what would we not give? This is the infectiousness of this book: it finds the Preppy ambition in all of us. It could have been its power as well. For this is what Marx never understood. This is where socialists still underestimate their

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foe. You can bring down capitalism, impose punitive taxation on the rich, block every tax loophole, and when you have done it all, the Preppy will still be there. If class rule rested only on money, it would have been brought down years ago. Every power against it is a superior power: the numbers of the poor, the weapons of the military, the self-interest of monarchs, the cunning of priests, the greed of adventurers, the sedulousness of intellectuals. But it is sustained by its unabashed confidence in the rule of the stupid.

This is what we envy. It is hard to be stupid. Most of us have to work at it. But Preppies are born to it. We may titter at the duck motif in Preppy life, as it is described here: "The duck suggests hunting, water, Maine—all the things worth thinking about." But there is something in all of us that would like to have the confidence to have ducks on everything—I crave a duck shower nozzle—instead of scratching around for daubs and stripes of paint which we can afford and advertise as minimal art. Minimal it is, compared with a duck. I have known few people corrupted by the desire for money. I have known all too many corrupted by the yearning for a duck. As this book points out, the first step is to buy the gift catalogue of the Audubon Society, then move on to Alexandria, from which one can order ducks on anything through a PO box number.

I know the Preppy wife of a man who once was not a Preppy. Introduced to the Prep world, he began to buy Lacoste shirts. But he would have the alligators taken off: that would show that he still was not Preppy. Dutifully, as a Preppy wife, she unstitched the alligators. But she kept them: 10, 20, 50. Then one Christmas she gave him a present: a Lacoste shirt covered with alligators. He loved it; to her horror, he wore it. The real Preppies slapped him on the back: "We always knew that you were one of us"; and he believed that they meant it. His Preppy wife left and went home to Mummy. "I always told you," said Mummy, "you married beneath you." It is the most telling story of Prep world that I know.

So read this book to be instructed, one way or the other, to mock but secretly to imitate. "In every town there are at least three blond dogs named Brandy and Whiskey," you'll learn (and ask yourself in your heart if you have not always wanted a golden retriever). I once bought a dog, at the bitter end of a great love, and called her Psyche, after the goddess who was desired by Cupid. That definitely was not Prep, neither the bitch, I may say, nor the name I gave her. This book could have saved me from such gaucherie. Or could it? The book identifies three kinds of names that Preppies should give to their dogs. Apart from the names of liquor, there are also family names—"Prep families have so many names that, even after giving three or four to each child, they still are left with some to assign"—and biblical or mythical names, among which it suggests Juno. How was my Psyche any different from Juno? Even under the sting of lost love I had reached abjectly to a Prep name.

This is what is so crushing about this book. If one wishes to be a Preppy, one realizes that, if one is not born to it, it is a life's work. If one thinks that one is not a Preppy, one finds in one's heart one already is. As I read, I turned for any and every reassurance. This book is American; it could not be English. The Preppy sits at the top of an upwardly mobile society; the aristocrat potters around at the top of a static society. One cannot become an aristocrat—so one is not envious; but one can hope to become a Preppy—which makes one envious. There is the transatlantic difference in a nutshell. A memory stirred in my mind of another catalogue. One of the indefatigable sociologists who research the mysteries of class in England once set down the annual shows of fruits and flowers there in the order of their place on the social scale. It must be remembered that this order cannot be upset. It must also be remembered that, although the ranking of the superior and inferior may at first be baffling, there is a method in the madness. The garden shows in England are rated as follows:

1. The Royal Horticultural Society's Fruit and Vegetable Competition.
2. The Rhododendron Show.
3. The Camellia Show.
4. The Daffodil Show.
5. The Flowering Tree and Shrub Competition.
6. The Alpine Garden Society's Show.
7. The Orchid Show.
8. The Rose Show.
9. The Geranium Show
10. The Delphinium Show.
11. The Dahlia Show.
12. The Early Chrysanthemum Show.
13. The Carnation Society's Shows (Pinks, Borders, and Perpetuals).
14. The Sweet Pea Show.
15. The Late Chrysanthemum Show.
16. The Cactus and Succulent Society's Show.

The social value of any flower, fruit, or vegetable is to be found, in other words, in what it indicates of the labor needed to produce it. Fruit and vegetables are at the head of the list, because they require a staff of gardeners. But anyone can raise a cactus or succulent with no help.

Such are the profundities of class when it is raised to a system. You cannot hope to break into the Royal Horticultural society's show with a self-grown cucumber. You do not even go there; your head gardeners go. The *Official Preppy Handbook* makes something of the fact that gardening is very much a Preppy activity. But gardening *what*? It does not say. That is the difference between the two societies. Of course it may be that the editor and her collaborators just do not know quite enough. It simply is ignorant to suggest that Bar Harbor is still a Prep resort. Today it is a development. The Preps on Mount Desert Island are over in Northeast Harbor. It is also out of date to put down Avon, Connecticut, as a Prep suburb. It is now some years since

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Joseph Alsop told in a column how, when he was raised in Avon, all the Italians were on the other side of the tracks, but that now they were mayor and town councilor and whatever you can think of. Since the Alsops were once Avon, his information must be allowed some weight. If you are going to comment on the intricacies of class, you had better get your facts right, otherwise people will suspect that you do not belong after all.

Henry Fairlie

Memento Mori

The Hour of Our Death by Philippe Ariès

(Knopf; $20)

In 1962 Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., published an English translation of a book that earlier had been published quietly in France under the title *L'Enfant et la vie familiale sous l'ancien regime*. The author of the work was a middle-aged writer little known in Europe or the United States, a man who had trained in history at the Sorbonne and published several previous volumes of historical analysis, but a man who earned his living as a civil servant in Paris, employed by the Institute of Applied Research for Tropical and Subtropical Fruits. His name was Phillipe Ariès, a self-described "weekend historian," and there was little reason at the time for anyone to anticipate that his new book, given the English title *Centuries of Childhood: A Social History of Family Life*, would before long establish itself as one of the most influential works of history published anywhere in the world in recent decades. But that is precisely what happened.

Drawing on a unique combination of sources—including paintings, games, dress, and a stunning variety of literary materials—Ariès surveyed 1,000 years of family life in the West and turned the arguments of previous historians virtually upside-down. Instead of viewing the family as the fundamental unit of traditional society, steadily shaken and weakened from the 18th century to the present by the rise of individualism and industrialization, Ariès perceived that "the family occupied a tremendous place in our industrial societies, and that it had perhaps never before exercised so much influence over the human condition." Further, he contended, the overall history of family life was one of steadily increasing narrowness and rigidity, not lassitude and deterioration, a history of growing affective concentration, not diffusion and breakdown. It was, in short, a history of development from a loosely-knit medieval social environment with a "wild population" that was "given up to riotous amusements" and was characterized by "the everyday participation of children in adult life" to a more tightly knit and age-stratified modern social world in which the nuclear family became an "exclusive society" unto itself, one that "reinforced private life at the expense of neighbourly relationships, friendships, and traditional contacts."

Ariès made little effort to conceal his preference for the communitarian world of the past, contrasting it with the modern social world's "intolerance towards variety" and its "insistence on uniformity," thus leading some critics to charge him with historical romanticism. But despite this and other quibbles, the overwhelming initial response to his work—not only among historians, but among sociologists and psychologists as well—was extraordinarily favorable. Princeton historian Lawrence Stone (frequently an acerbic critic of excessive boldness in historical work) was not exaggerating when, a dozen years after its publication, he referred to the "dazzling success" of this "erudite, imaginative, and inventive" book, a view given added force last December when an entire session at the annual convention of the American Historical Association was devoted to critical discussions of the ideas contained in that now 20-year-old book.

Now (about 18 months later than was originally announced, due to difficulties with the translation) we have the English edition of Ariès's latest book, *The Hour of Our Death*—published in France in 1977 as *L'Homme devant la mort*. Doubtless it will receive much more initial promotion and attention than did *Centuries of Childhood*. Ariès, after all, is now something of an international celebrity in the world of historical scholarship. And *The Hour of Our Death* is a book at least as erudite, ambitious, imaginative, and inventive as *Centuries of Childhood*. I rather doubt, however, that it will meet with the same effusive critical success as did the earlier volume. The profession of history was not ready for Ariès and his historical acrobatics 20 years ago. It is more than ready now.

Last summer the small but highly influential journal *History and Theory* carried an article by Cambridge University's Adrian Wilson that was an all-out assault on *Centuries of Childhood*. To the extent that Wilson's critique was accurate with regard to the earlier work, many historians will find it equally applicable to *The Hour of Our Death*. Wilson faulted Ariès, in detail, for the quality of his evidence, the lack of an adequate explanatory scheme, "a pervasive chronological vagueness," and a present-minded bias in his historical point of view. Adding all of this up, Wilson identified Ariès as nothing less than that worst of poachers on the professional historian's turf—an "amateur."

Precisely these same criticisms have been leveled with some frequency at Ariès's countryman, Michel Foucault. Thus it was not surprising to find at least one reviewer of the French edition of *The Hour of Our Death* comparing some of its problems and ideas with those found in Foucault's oeuvre. Apart from sharing charges of evidentiary limitations, chronological vagueness, and the like, it is clear that—despite their sharp disagreements in many areas—Ariès and Foucault do have one other thing in common. As Lawrence Stone has put it: "Both authors share a common distaste for some of the characteristic institutions of our optimistic, rationalist, post-Enlightenment world of social engineers, the prison, the insane asylum, the hospital."

True. But there is at least one crucial and instructive difference between the two. As Hayden White has pointed out, Foucault is to history as Artaud was to drama or Robbe-Grillet to the novel: "he is an antihistorical historian . . . [who] writes 'history' in order to destroy it, as a discipline, as a mode of

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consciousness, and as a mode of (social) existence." Ariès, on the other hand, is a historian seemingly sent over from central casting, a man so clearly in love with history that his main weakness is his willingness sometimes to let its drama and force and excitement take advantage of him. "Having abandoned my preconceived ideas along the way," he writes in the conclusion to *The Hour of Our Death*, "I turn and cast my eye over the thousand-year landscape like an astronaut looking down at the distant earth." And what, from this imaginary vantage point, does he see? He sees a world of unfolding ideas and behavior that, to this reader at least, are both brilliantly perceived and confusingly presented.

For Ariès, Western attitudes toward death during the past millennium or so can be divided into five historical phases, each of which is characterized by the way it has treated four "psychological elements" or "parameters": the relationship between ideas about death and concern with the self; the confrontation between society and "untamed nature"; the state of belief in an afterlife; and the belief in the existence of evil.

The first of Ariès's five historical stages is called by him the period of "Tame Death." It extends from the unspecified distant past—including even "the long ages of the most ancient history, and perhaps of prehistory"—up to about the 11th century. During this time, according to Ariès, the relationship between death and the self was dominated by a communitarian ethic rather than an individualistic one; death was seen as potentially opening a breach in the defense system the community had erected against the threat of nature in its savage state; belief in an afterlife assumed it to have a vaguely communitarian shape, but it also served to assure individuals that physical death was not the end of life; and finally, death—like sin and suffering—was clearly seen as evil. The sum of all this (discussed by Ariès in great, if sometimes dizzying, detail) is that in this oldest attitude "death is close and familiar yet diminished and desensitized."

From the 11th to the 13th centuries, Ariès next contends, a major shift began developing among certain lay and religious elites. Affecting primarily the first and third of his four "parameters," this shift was focused on the emergence of a powerful sense of individuality and a concern for material possessions. Calling this phase "The Death of the Self," Ariès locates his evidence in wills, religious rituals, art, and other data, concluding that here we see for the first time

> the self alone before God, with one's lone biography, one's lone capital of works and prayers, that is, the actions and passions of one's life, one's shameful love of the things of this life and one's guarantees regarding the next: a complex network that man has woven around himself the better to live and the better to survive death.

The third phase, running roughly from the 14th to the 17th and early 18th centuries, Ariès calls the time of "Remote and Imminent Death." The main shift here is in the second of his four psychological categories, the confrontation between society and nature. Here Ariès sees (among other things) the beginning of a sense of ultimate nothingness, a sense of the melding of "pain and pleasure, agony and orgasm," and the weakening of "the barriers patiently erected for thousands of years" to hold back the nightmare of nihilism.

With the close of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries all four defining elements changed as the West entered the era of "The Death of the Other." Instead of either a sense of "universal and common destiny" or one of personal and specific concern, during this phase attention focused on the bereaved and the loss of deeply loved companions in life. At the same time, "untamed nature invaded the stronghold of culture, where it encountered humanized nature and merged with it in the compromise of 'beauty' "; death and nature, in short, both became romanticized. As for the other two elements, the afterlife and evil, they too changed in this revolutionary period: the afterlife became at once both communitarian and individualistic in that it was portrayed as the scene of ultimate reunion for those separated by death on earth; and evil, in the face of all this, was simply fading away.

Finally we reach the 20th century and the emergence of our own way of death. Ariès calls it "The Invisible Death" and suggests that, however different it may look from the preceding phase, it is in fact just an extreme extension of the changes wrought with the 19th-century transformation. "It is as if," he writes, "beyond a certain threshold, these tendencies produced the opposite effects." Those effects include the banishment of death from normal social discourse altogether as it becomes, in all its aspects, the impersonal responsibility solely of specially trained professionals. The irony of this, as other writers have previously noted, is that in its obsessive attempt to sanitize death, modern society may have made our confrontation with it all the more terrible. "A heavy silence has fallen over the subject of death," Ariès writes in his penultimate paragraph:

> And yet this attitude has not annihilated death or the fear of death. On the contrary, it has allowed the old savagery to creep back under the mask of medical technology. The death of the patient in the hospital, covered with tubes, is becoming a popular image, more terrifying than the *transi* or skeleton of macabre rhetoric. There seems to be a correlation between the 'evacuation' of death, the last refuge of evil, and the return of this same death, no longer tame. This should not surprise us. The belief in evil was necessary to the taming of death; the disappearance of the belief has restored death to its savage state.

None of this résumé, of course, can even begin to suggest the richness or the dimensions of the historical expedi-

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tion on which Ariès takes the reader for over 600 pages—a macabre expedition, to be sure, but one filled with dazzling insights nonetheless. Neither, however, does this abridgement adequately convey any sense of the denseness or the conceptual and chronological opacity of the bulk of the text. Fortunately, Ariès does stop occasionally along the way to summarize some of the main points of his argument and he closes the book with a brief and relatively lucid summary of the whole. Without these guides most readers would find themselves hopelessly lost in the middle of this book, however much they might be appreciative of the lush literary scenery immediately before them. (And it is primarily literary scenery; for a book of this size and subject matter, the illustrations, though adequate, are less than profuse.)

Since the French edition of this book was published more than three years ago, there has already emerged some criticism of its chronological scheme. Lawrence Stone, once again, writing in the *New York Review of Books*, questioned the early dating of "The Death of the Self," the very existence or at least the intelligibility of the "Remote and Imminent Death" stage, and the absence of any serious discussions of the (in Stone's words) "sixth and newest phase" which finds death "now out in the open again." I, on the other hand, find Ariès's arguments in the first two of these cases fairly convincing and his relative unconcern with the immediate present undisturbing.

The material foundations for the stage labeled "The Death of the Self," as well as its expressive style, coincide rather well with a variety of other interpretations of this era—from, among many, Colin Morris's *The Discovery of the Individual, 1050-1200* and Friedrich Heer's *The Medieval World: Europe, 1100-1350*, to John Boswell's brilliant discussion of the period in his recent *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality: Gay People in Western Europe from the Beginning of the Christian Era to the Fourteenth Century*. Ariès himself admits that the changes described for the period called "Remote and Imminent Death" are "barely perceptible," but he argues well that "even among . . . Christians of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, who were certainly full of faith, the temptation of nothingness was very strong." From this, as he puts it: "It required only a decline in faith or rather, as I believe, a decline in eschatological concern with the Christian faith, for the balance to be destroyed and for nothingness to take over." Although I find his dating of this phase perhaps a bit premature, my knowledge of the literature suggests that the data comport well with Ariès's analysis. And as for the present fashionableness of bringing death out in the open, it is simply too soon to tell how significant or lasting—or, indeed, sincere—this most recent concern will turn out to be.

There are, however, problems with *The Hour of Our Death*. In addition to a tendency (shared by many historians) to assume a vast sea of sameness in the ages preceding the beginning of his inquiry—followed by a sequence of watersheds and "transitional periods" within his chosen era of study—Ariès is susceptible in this study to all the criticisms now being directed at *Centuries of Childhood*. His evidence, with all its undeniably breathtaking variety and quantity, is nothing if not unsystematic. His concern for locating and untangling complex issues of specific causality is not deep. His chronological slipperiness can be maddening. And his present-centered affection for the past in all its color and chaos and sense of magical wonderment does tend to impeach any claims of objectivity.

Nevertheless, this said, none of these problems bothers me very much. For Philippe Ariès has once again given us something of which probably no other historian alive today is capable: an absolutely magnificent 1,000-year panorama of an extremely elusive, yet fundamental, human concern. For years and probably decades hence, historians of lesser scope and ambition will have this book to keep them busy. They will no doubt find much that is wrong with it, and I hope I will be pardoned if I confess to looking forward to their efforts at correction with only a little more enthusiasm than I would the prospect of a grammarian's strict criticism of *Ulysses*. Ariès is *sui generis*, an "amateur" only in the most favorable sense of that word. He is a storyteller of overwhelming erudition and intelligence, a sophisticated raconteur in the world of scholarship; and his latest book is, quite simply, the master work of a masterful writer of history.

David E. Stannard

David E. Stannard, author of *The Puritan Way of Death* (Oxford) and *Shrinking History: On Freud and the Failure of Psychohistory* (Oxford), teaches at the University of Hawaii.

View From the Feet

Masters: Portraits of Great Teachers
edited by Joseph Epstein

(Basic Books; $13.95)

The editor of the *American Scholar*, Joseph Epstein, has had the good idea of assembling—first within the issues of his magazine over the last few years, and now within the covers of this book—16 "portraits of great teachers" as told by some of their most interesting students. Literature, philosophy, history, music, anthropology, political theory, physics are the disciplines represented. Contributors range from Edmund Wilson (whose essay on Christian Gauss, originally published in the *American Scholar*, gave Mr. Epstein the idea for the series); to various professors, a number of them emeriti (Sidney Hook on Morris Cohen, Joseph Brennan on Whitehead); to the chairman of W. W. Norton, George Brockway, who contributes a fine portrait of John William Miller, a Williams College professor I'd never heard of until now; to John Wain on C. S. Lewis, the one English team in the collection. Perhaps because Mr. Epstein is one himself, teachers of literature are especially well represented: besides Gauss and Lewis, there is F. O. Matthiessen (Kenneth Lynn); Yvor Winters (Gerald Graff); John Crowe Ransom (Anthony Hecht); and I. A. Richards (Helen Vendler)—though "teacher of literature" is scarcely an adequate description of Richards's polymath activity.

None of the contributors mentions Emerson, perhaps because they were writing for the *American Scholar* and assumed him as second nature. But there may be another reason for his

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absence, since Emerson's famous essay really says nothing about the significance of teachers, great or otherwise. It is the mind of the Past, speaking through books, that is important and for one reason only: "They [the books] are meant for nothing but to inspire." The function of a college is similarly clear and single: to "create" by gathering from afar "every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fire set the hearts of their youth on flame." One imagines that any teacher, any mere human being, would probably have gotten in Emerson's way, diffused instead of concentrated the fires, distracted rather than inspired the questing youth. Henry Adams, on the other hand, is quoted once: "A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops."

Surely we all pay lip service to this latter sentiment, as we do to the notion that there are such things as "great teachers" who have made a real difference in our own lives. Much of such talk is loose, the stuff of college reunions where it turns out that greatness was all around us freshman year; and quite a few great teachers are suddenly created by the eulogy for a colleague who has died, as if we must take the occasion to assure ourselves how much we matter, how good it is to be a teacher. Mr. Epstein says that his own education unfortunately held no such commanding figure; my own experience is quite the opposite, since I would use the adjective for two of my undergraduate teachers and be willing to stretch it to cover two others (this is not rank sentimentality, it was postwar Amherst!). But unlike the misty-eyed alumnus or the moved colleague, the contributors to this volume can't just insist on the greatness of their master; they must show it, by telling the story with some mastery themselves.

One of the best accounts here is Robert Nisbet's, of a historian hitherto unknown to me, Frederick Teggart, who taught at Berkeley and whose introductory course, Progress and Civilization, was given regularly from 1919 to his retirement in 1940. The course enrolled 200 students each year, and Nisbet is refreshingly convincing on the virtues of such large lecture courses, finding their air "freer and more invigorating," while questioning the piety that only in the small course with its (presumably) "intimate" atmosphere can true education take place. Nisbet reminds us that often in small classes the instructor can get away with being unprepared or partially prepared, by an "undue reliance on unstructured and uninstructive student discussion" of (we might term it) the What-do-you-think-about-that, Fred? sort. "Better, it used to be said, to sit fifty feet from a first-rate mind than ten feet from a mediocrity," says Mr. Nisbet, who also speaks up for the tradition of student applause as a goad for the professor to develop distinctive powers of expression. Teggart himself had been a performer in amateur theatricals, and Nisbet mentions the oft-noted affinities between performance in the lecture hall and a "repressed desire for the stage or pulpit." (How many English teachers from the earlier part of this century were the sons of ministers?) Teggart lectured from brief notes on a single sheet of paper: "Never type your lectures," he told Nisbet, "or you will become their slave."

Teggart was less impressive in his seminars, and interestingly enough the seminar doesn't come through in this volume as a vital educational situation in America (I shudder to think what most of them are like elsewhere). Evidently not much happened in Whitehead's, much of the time being taken up by two or three longish student reports. Whitehead was Whitehead, but aren't there still too many courses which meet only once a week for two hours and in which the professor earns his pay by listening to students drone through the week's research, when he should have been working himself? Anyway the seminar, I am pleased to confirm, is overrated.

Seminars and small classes aren't necessarily good, and an actively aggressive, ungentle manner in front of the room needn't necessarily be bad. According to Sidney Hook, Morris Cohen compensated for his bitterness and sense of deprivation by "playing God in the classroom." Hook says that his dialectical, Socratic method of exposing the student's ignorance involved "browbeating, sarcasm, and absence of simple courtesy," even "actual cruelty." Cohen once told Hook of a student who, asked for a course evaluation, replied "Justice Holmes said he envied the youth who sat at your feet. It is evident that he never took a course from you." Nowadays, with systematic published course evaluations, students try to be kind, as do their friendly mentors, though I once took deeply to heart the judgment on me that "his haunted look does not encourage pursuit." And Professor Epstein, in his introduction, says that a student comment once said of him, "He jiggles the change in his pocket," a penetrating criticism which henceforth caused him to remove the change before beginning the show.

Is it possible to describe convincingly how the great teacher teaches? It is at least possible to summon up his aura. Hook manages rather well to give a sense of the terroristic element in Morris Cohen's classroom method. Anthony Hecht makes John Ransom come alive mainly through attention to his dress and the quality of his smoking habits:

> When the first warmth of spring arrived in Gambier, Mr. Ransom would sometimes turn out in a powder-blue sport jacket with matching socks with white clocks on them, and white shoes. . . . He was also a pipe-smoker, but used a rather sweet-smelling, aromatic tobacco such as I suspect a true smoker would find lacking in seriousness, though it could not fail to be agreeable to those around. And as part of the smoking paraphernalia he always carried with him in his right-hand trouser pocket a thick clutch, a sort of beaver-dam, of strike-anywhere kitchen matches.

Hecht suggests that only a special providence kept Ransom from igniting himself, and we see how—in the courtly indirection and humorous caution of these sentences—Hecht's own voice is exactly right for its subject.

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At other times the "greatness" seems insisted upon rather than created by the portrait. Trying to sum up Alfred North Whitehead, Joseph Brennan assures us that he was "an unforgettable teacher. In some way, hard to define, Whitehead influenced us all for the good," and Brennan finally reaches for a "certain indefinable sweetness" also found in English landscapes, the music of Purcell, etc. The portrait is full of reverence and awe, but you have to take Whitehead's greatness on faith.

Doubtless our individual prejudices as readers and students lie in wait to thwart a response to certain lives. I hadn't thought about Ruth Benedict since freshman year in college when I yawned my way through parts of *Patterns of Culture*, and Victor Barnouw's portrait did nothing to wake me up, partly because he becomes too interested in telling us what *he* believes ("I still consider the Rorschach test to be a useful instrument, but I must admit that this has become a minority view") and writes colorlessly about what she now means to him ("When I return to her work, I find that I still learn from it").

At the other, delightful, extreme we have Suzanne R. Hoover describing Nadia Boulanger's way of teaching conducting, where the quality of motion and tempo is what counts. Hoover finds exactly the right words to express "it":

> She began to play the 'inner' parts, shouting little offbeat pizzicati—'Hup! tup! twip!'—and the clarinet entrance, offbeat, a thirty-second note arpeggio, with her tongue, as if demented, and shouting 'Ta-a, ta-a' . . . and finally, at the climax of the section, playing with both hands, furiously, tapping her feet, shouting, she turned on me and punched me in the arm exactly on the strongest pulse, nearly knocking me off my chair—and continued with the decrescendo without missing a beat.

But how would one go about describing the performance of a teacher of quantum mechanics? Jeremy Bernstein's lively essay on three scientists sets Julian Schwinger before us, lecturing "nonstop for well over an hour," without notes, performing intricate calculations with aplomb: "Formulae appeared and disappeared, melted into other formulae as if by magic." Bernstein tells us of a student who sat next to him, saying "It's like poetry," and he himself notes the element of theater in all great teaching. Theater, poetry, magic—it is difficult, perhaps impossible, for the writer to go much beyond these terms in attempting to invoke Schwinger's power.

It was interesting to me how certain formulations about character, whether or not justified in the particular case, have a way of producing something less than belief in the reader, as when the tough-minded Hannah Arendt or Yvor Winters is found also (or on the "inside") to be shy and vulnerable. And occasionally I encountered a received idea which seems worth exposing for its inadequacy; Peter Stern and Jean Yarbrough praise Hannah Arendt's criticism of student papers because it was "constructive." As a teacher who has made his share of destructive criticism of such papers over the years, I refuse to feel abashed. On the other hand it is good to have Gerald Graff point out, with respect to Winters, how such a powerful mind overwhelmed students, turned them (at least for a time) into duplicates of himself, or so they tried to be. Graff remembers his own attempts at a "tone of studied weariness" and the formula "I confess I am just a bit *tired* of hearing" which he proudly displayed as a young Wintersian.

Emerson said that books were for nothing but to inspire, and as one who spends his time in the classroom trying to help poems do that, I felt especially fortified by the portraits of F. O. Matthiessen and I. A. Richards that emerged here. Kenneth Lynn's aggressive exploration of Matthiessen's "whole-souled, risk-taking" teaching is not without its polemical edge, and it also dares to engage with the question of his suicide. But Matthiessen's power was first apparent to Lynn in a Shakespeare course where he required the students to memorize several hundred lines of poetry, then recite them to him in his office. Lynn remembers also the "marvelous inwardness" with which Matthiessen read Shakespeare aloud in class, making one forget the less than commanding voice he possessed. And Helen Vendler recalls I. A. Richards reading aloud Donne's "The Extasie" in such a manner as to make it forever clear that this was no mere poem by a seducer; or of the way, with Marvell's "To his Coy Mistress," "desarts of vast eternity" resounded through that room in Longfellow Hall. "In one sense, Richards' work was done, once his powerful interpretation-through-enunciation had lodged itself in our ears." No doubt it's a simplification to say that great teaching is great voicing; but this book suggests it's at least that.

William H. Pritchard

William H. Pritchard teaches English at Amherst and is the author of *Lives of the Modern Poets* (Oxford University Press).

Corporal of the Awkward Squad

George Orwell
by Bernard Crick

(Little, Brown/Atlantic Monthly Press; $19.95)

In the introduction to this authorized biography of George Orwell, Bernard Crick, an English political scientist, takes due note of the fact that his subject requested that no life of him be written. "Such a wish is bound to be forlorn," he correctly replies. "Attempts to enforce such wishes only lead to biographies being written without proper access to sources."

Certainly Orwell's prohibition has worked biographical mischief in the three decades since his death; it has been partially responsible for a number of incomplete and tendentious versions of his life. Now Crick, who was authorized by Orwell's widow to use the Orwell archive and interview his contemporaries, has set matters right with a rich, overstuffed biography in the best English tradition. It's hard to imagine Orwell being seriously displeased. *George Orwell* is judiciously conceived, admirably researched, and vigorously written. It fills a gap in our account of contemporary letters and politics. For those who value Orwell's works—or, for that matter, for anyone interested in the history of our times—this book is indispensable.

The outlines of Orwell's extraordinary and painful life, of course, are well known. Eric Blair was born in Bengal in 1903, the son of a minor colonial offi-

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cial. He grew up in Oxfordshire and was sent at the age of eight to a prep school in Sussex. He hated it, but it got him into Eton, where he began the lifelong revolt against success that was to enrich his prose and impoverish his life. In 1922 he followed his father's path, entering the India Police, and spent the next five years in lonely Burmese outposts. Returning to England in 1927, he began, without a hint of encouragement from anyone, to write. At first he showed little aptitude, but fierce persistence; the latter eventually paid off. His early years as a novelist and reviewer were a descent from Grub Street into a kind of literary vagabondage—the drab, desperate existence he was to describe in his first published book, *Down and Out in Paris and London*, issued in 1933 under the pen name of George Orwell.

OVER THE next few years he produced three undistinguished naturalistic novels; but his career as political pamphleteer and satirist began in earnest when, in 1936, a left-wing publisher asked him to write a book-length study of unemployed miners in northern England. *The Road to Wigan Pier*, which resulted, established him as a socialist writer—but as a socialist whose particular pleasure came in pointing out the mistakes and deceptions of his own side. He fought in Spain in 1937 with the forces of a small Marxist party that was violently suppressed by its nominal communist allies. The experience deepened his commitment to the vision of a working-class socialism—and turned him forever against the international communist movement. His Spanish memoir, *Homage to Catalonia*, was the opening salvo in a mighty barrage he was to launch against totalitarianism (a term he helped popularize) of left and right.

He spent the war years broadcasting for the BBC and writing for *Tribune*, a democratic socialist weekly. His two masterworks, *Animal Farm* and *1984*, won him world fame after the war; but they were written in the shadow of personal tragedy—the sudden death of his wife Eileen in 1945, and his own battle with tuberculosis, which killed him in 1950. In his 47 years (only 20 of which he spent writing) he produced a large and varied body of work—novels, satires, essays, newspaper and magazine journalism, and reviews. Even had he not written his last two books, he would be remembered as the greatest essayist writing in English in this century. Those essays—discursive, hortatory, by turns judicious and intemperate—and his political satires have been a source of delight, inspiration, and fierce debate ever since his death.

Orwell has been claimed and disclaimed by partisans of the left and right. One strength of *George Orwell* is Crick's refusal to stake out a polemical position of his own. He is scrupulous and incisive in writing about the puzzlements and confusions that arise from Orwell's work, however, and takes calm issue with what he considers misconceptions and errors perpetuated by Orwell's friends and contemporaries. In his capacity as official biographer he is at remarkable pains to refute mistakes that he thinks have crept into the two-volume "biographical study" of his first 37 years by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams, *The Unknown Orwell* and *Orwell: The Transformation*. At one point, for example, Crick recruits one of Eric Blair's tutors at Eton to annotate a paragraph in *The Unknown Orwell* about his relationship with young Eric, whom he seems not to have liked very much.

> Stansky and Abrahams . . . have Gow perceiving 'under the shyness and surliness . . . an authentic intelligence' (*'I didn't,'* says Gow); Blair as being 'privately . . . fond of Gow (*'I doubt very much'*) and moreover keeping in touch with him 'over the years' (*'not true'*). Also they have it that 'It was the custom for four or five boys in the Election to gather in Gow's room on Sunday evenings, bringing with them to read aloud essays, poems or stories of their own,' (*'Untrue. Rubbish. I cannot imagine how they got this.'*)

Many of these errors, of course, come from an excess of credulity toward Orwell's own published reminiscences. These are seductive, for they are presented in Orwell's uniquely matter-of-fact, elaborately honest voice; but, as Crick notes, they are actually a cunning "compound of fact and fiction, honest in intent, true to experience, but not necessarily truthful in detail." Crick pays special attention to "Such, Such Were the Joys," Orwell's blistering prep-school memoir. Though he examines the contemporary evidence and agrees that "All in all, the school seems to have been a pretty despicable place," he also firmly concludes that the great man was laying it on a little thick when he asks readers to believe that the headmaster beat him for five minutes with a bone-handled riding crop, stopping only when the handle split and flew across the room.

Orwell, Crick believes, was not self-destructive, though he did neglect his health. Nor did his change of name signify a broader mutation of personality—an attempt to slough off his "lower-upper middle class" background and literary interests. Crick has no patience with the idea, circulated by Malcolm Muggeridge and other paleoconservatives, that Orwell's death interrupted a process which would have returned the self-critical socialist safely to the Tory fold. And he gently chides those who have retailed a view of Orwell as a kind of Don Quixote or St. Francis of the left. These theorizings, he implies, may arise out of discomfort with one or another part of Orwell's life and work—an attempt to explain away the parts with which the critic does not agree. "I suspect," Crick writes, "that when his old friend, Sir Richard Rees . . . called him 'almost saintly' it was because he was never as happy with the content of Orwell's writings as he hoped to be."

THERE IS, of course, another reason why writers may offer dubious theories about Orwell—inadequate or incomplete research, which can sometimes be swept under the elegant rug of some central idea. Crick does not have that problem. Through his interviews and his access to Sonia Orwell's exhaustive archive, he seems to have gotten pretty much all there was to get about Orwell's life. So he offers few theories of his own, lets many of the facts speak for themselves, and has no shyness about admitting he doesn't know parts of the story. The material itself is fascinating, and Crick handles it well. His research into the literary influences on Orwell is original and crisp. The ancedotes of his career are excellent. For example, Crick has obtained some of the results of a security vetting the Foreign Office did on Orwell when he wanted to go to India as a journalist. ("[A] man," Whitehall primly concluded, " . . . whose intellectual standard is very high, but whose outlook has become soured by circumstances of hardships, though they may have been of his own seeking.") Orwell was turned down.

Crick renders a touching, infuriating, and sometimes ludicrous portrait of a truly "unknown" Orwell—Eric Blair as a sexual being, by turns awkward, impetuous, and diffident, but almost never at ease. As a young man, he wrote to a paramour: "I hope you will let me make love to you again sometime, but if you don't it doesn't matter. I shall always be

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grateful to you for your kindness to me." His first marriage seems to have been a happy one. Eileen O'Shaughnessy, whom he married in 1936, emerges as a brave and loving woman. But she was beset with health problems that may have interfered with their sex life, and in the latter years of their marriage Orwell tried his luck at infidelity, with only intermittent success. During his BBC days, Crick records, he met a young acquaintance at a London party. "Orwell insisted, very much against her inclination . . . on walking her home and then trying, while crossing the Heath, to make love to her far too persistently, somewhat violently even."

His desire for a child, and his puritanism about birth control, led him to discourage Eileen from a much-needed hysterectomy. She waited until he was away, checked into a clinic, and died on the operating table—perhaps because she had waited too long. After she died, Orwell began proposing to attractive young women after a few days'—or hours'—acquaintance, displaying in the process a mixture of concupiscence, practicality, and self-pity. ("What I am really asking you," he wrote to one, "is whether you would like to be the widow of a literary man.") Finally, the beautiful Sonia Brownell took him up on it. He died two weeks after his sickbed wedding. One of my few complaints about *George Orwell* is that we learn—perhaps for reasons of biographical diplomacy—very little about Sonia, who died last December.

The book offers the first sustained account of Orwell's last years, in which he steadily lost ground to tuberculosis. He first broke down in 1938, and much of his life thereafter was a quest for a warm place to write. His postwar retreat to the Scottish island of Jura has been viewed as evidence of a "death wish," but Crick dismisses this notion as based on "isothermic fantasies." In fact, Jura has a mild and salubrious climate, he writes; its chief drawback was its remoteness from doctors. From late 1947 on, Orwell's life revolved around sanitoria; one of the book's most affecting passages is a section of Orwell's diaries noting with dry interest (and, this time, no self-pity) the horrible side-effects of an unsuccessful treatment with streptomycin.

It is almost heartbreaking to read of Orwell's fierce determination to keep writing during all but the darkest days of his decline. His persistence, though admirable, may have helped kill him. Crick notes that Orwell's doctors put his right arm in a cast, possibly to prevent him from writing, but that he doggedly taught himself to write with his left hand instead.

These last days, of course, are the source of much dispute. Left-wing critics denigrate the brilliant satire of *1984* as the ravings of a dying man; conservatives see in his last writings a pessimism that would have propelled him to the right. Crick firmly eschews psychobiography: "what cannot be 'easily defined' had best be ignored," he says. But he quotes from essays that Sonia Orwell and Ian Argus omitted from their mammoth four-volume collection to demonstrate that Orwell remained a committed socialist to his dying day.

> . . . his own values, whether capable of realization or not, were plainly stated and can only be wilfully misunderstood (as when he is claimed for the camp of the Cold War, *Encounter* magazine, and the C.I.A.). He was a revolutionary and an egalitarian, a revolutionary in love with the past, but a revolutionary nonetheless, who urged discrimination when embracing 'all of the past' or 'all of the future.'

To the extent that Crick offers an "explanation" of Orwell, it may lie in his repeated quotation of V. S. Pritchett's epigram that "Orwell was a man who went native in his own country." Orwell's writings made him a world figure, but Crick insists that one key to his thought is its Englishness. It is not just his essays about pubs, comic postcards, fishing, and the "nice cup of tea," but his politics that had English roots. Crick urges that those seeking to understand Orwell's evolution pay particular attention to *The Lion and The Unicorn: Socialism and the English Genius*, his one attempt at programmatic writing. Viewed in that light, the idea that he remained and would have remained on the left becomes credible: "going native" for Orwell was not a return to Colonel Blimp and the Tories, but to working-class ideas of fair play and the English radical tradition.

Crick also places Orwell in the English literary tradition, as a satirist and pamphleteer in the tradition of Hobbes and Swift. He sums up his view of Orwell's place in a passage whose English eccentricity and polemical vigor even Orwell would have admired:

> . . . when the last great game is played at the [Eton] Wall or in the Field, with the courtiers, the careerists, the imperialists, the parlour creeps, the backstair crawlers, the arse-lickers, the toadies, the money-grubbers, the City men, the complacent and the sleekly successful, all against God's great awkward squad of unorthodox, dissident Englishmen . . . Eric Blair as George Orwell would . . . have a place in that team, not at the top of the list, but turning out nonetheless with Skelton, Lilburne, Swift, Defoe, Sam Johnson, Hazlitt, Cobbett, Dickens, William Morris and Bertrand Russell.

Garrett Epps

Garrett Epps, the author of *The Shad Treatment* (Putnam's), is a contributing editor of the *Washington Post Magazine*.

Correspondence, *from page 3*

advanced technology, and economic growth acted to draw this nation together, as long as the family unit remained strong. Recently, however, the trend toward great mobility, hedonistic advertising, the corporate mentality, and instant gratification have diverted society from the concept of family loyalty to what is best for me.

It is easy to label our European and Japanese counterparts as being "as acquisitive, self-indulgent, and fun-loving as we." To identify economic organization and its supposed effects as the primary unifying force begs the point; indeed it suggests cynically that humankind is drawn irresistibly to rally around the banner of fiscal planning (albeit admittedly successful), regardless of cultural and moral imperatives. What then precipitated our decline from the preeminent position we enjoyed a quarter-century ago, if not the gradual decay of the family structure? To concentrate on altering societal reactions without studying family causes is like constructing a high-rise on a bog. It looks fine for a time. . . .

Thomas A. Showalter
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Poking holes in sacred cows

To the editors:

I can only assume that the pointless article on Walter Cronkite by Mark Crispin Miller and Karen Runyon ("And That's the Way It Seems," *TNR*, Febru-

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ary 14) was the result of a lack of anything better to do. Poking holes in sacred cows (no offense, Walter) is entertaining only when it serves some purpose. Cronkite has done a more than decent job of keeping us informed of newsworthy events. He should be allowed to rest on his laurels.

Leslie Gould Jr.
Farmingdale, Maine

Leave pork bellies alone

To the editors:
I am among the *TNR* readers who would prefer to read Nicholas von Hoffman's comments on any subject except the stock market. Of all the reasons I subscribed to your magazine, stock market tips were not considerations. (Nor poetry.) A regular column on investment tips is totally out of place in *TNR*, like finding a centerfold in the *Reader's Digest*. Ask Nick to write about the media or gun control, but for heaven's sake, leave the pork bellies to *Barron's*, et al. where they belong.

Garland Bradshaw
Warren, Ohio

Eat 'em up

To the editors:
Eugene McCarthy's piece on pigeons as a public menace ("The Mess in Washington," *TNR*, February 14) overlooks one solution. Export them. There are countries where pigeon is a culinary treat, resulting in a supply deficiency. When my husband flew for TWA the planes often carried the birds to a pigeonless Cairo.

Or Americans could learn to cook them as well as the Egyptians do, and eat them up right here at home. Next: blackbird pie.

Betty Feazel
Pagosa Springs, Colorado

Cloning around

To the editors:
Nobody (i.e., not Charles Krauthammer, "Tales From the Hatchery," *TNR*, February 14) who thinks that the fertility drugs yield up to six *identical* humans, and who can refer to a "petrie" dish, should presume to lecture us on the intricacies of cloning. The fertility drugs in overdosage cause the release of several individual ova. Thus the resulting offspring are generally fraternal rather than identical. The petri dish was named after the German bacteriologist Julius R. Petri.

Bert J. Vos
McLean, Virginia

Pre-hostage history

To the editors:
The New Republic's lawyerly but bloodthirsty editorial on the hostage settlement ("An Ex-President's Ransom," *TNR*, January 31) might have had some meaning if history had begun on the day Iran took the hostages. Even so, the editorial's argument would be marked by absurdity, such as the assertion that hostage claims against the US will be a form of tribute to Iran. How would *The New Republic* label such claims had the hostages been killed during a military demonstration of our nerve?

Richard Joffe
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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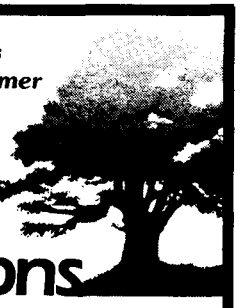

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Washington Diarist

Money

I went to Palm Beach last week, not because it's one of my favorite watering holes but because there are some charities whose boards can muster a winter quorum only if they meet there. I'm on two such, which meant two days in Palm—the devotee shorthand—providentially arranged one after another. It has been a refuge for the big rich away from the mere middling rich: there are no taxis in town, and that's not because the winter residents are big walkers. Worth Avenue is still the plaid slacks version of the Via Condotti and Rodeo Drive. But Hamburger Heaven is open for breakfast, catering to folk whose servants aren't sleep-ins. That's the fate of the thousands of new condominium owners, 10 or 15 of whom may cluster together in one of the many huge mansions that once accommodated single big-name families. There are also less attractive condos, with hundreds of units each. So nothing is immune to change, and nothing hastens change so dramatically as an economic squeeze. A team of specialists from Christie's was in town when I was, not to hold a splashy auction of old masters or modish minors but to appraise the inherited wares of the locals. It's not simply because I couldn't find *TNR* at the comprehensive magazine shop that I assume the citizenry has yet to discover the joys of reading. But one local publication, *Palm Beach Life*, does include real reading matter. The issue I saw featured an article on identity, titled "Who I Am," and a piece on Debrett's, the service which, for a fee, will help you discover your noble origins. Another, *Palm Beach Illustrated*, is just that, big on pictures of residents in black tie and evening gown. Ambassadors from Latin American dictatorships are frequent guests at their frequent parties. Palm Beach does have a more prosaic life—a government, for example. The city council has just banned shirtless jogging. It's a deadly boring and bored town. My evidence? Even if it took a three-dollar discount off the regular Round Table luncheon tab to bring out a crowd, 250 people actually showed up to hear George McGovern speak against the Moral Majority. But, you should be told, it was raining.

Dr. Waldheim's campaign to succeed himself as secretary-general of the UN has already begun. In trying to show an equitable hand he's even come close to apologizing to Israel for the now disproven charge that its troops detonated the bodies of some Palestinian terrorists. They'd been slain as they embarked on one of their missions which, though quite like those of the despised IRA, commend them to Britain's Lord Carrington. It's characteristic of Waldheim's UN, however, that it was more exercised over the disposition of some Arab corpses than it ever gets over the taking of Jewish life. Whoever becomes secretary-general is likely, these days, to be anti-Israel. It's likely, though, that the US could get a fairer deal from a Venezuelan or Nigerian or Kenyan than it will ever receive from the incumbent. But he's impertinent enough to try to placate America anyway. He has, for example, finally appointed a special representative on Afghanistan, mandated a year ago by the General Assembly. What he hasn't done is start preparing for the international conference on Kampuchea, similarly mandated by the assembly. You know why. Such a gathering would really offend his Russian patrons; it couldn't be controlled as easily as the secretary-general's emissary. The Soviets, in fact, have controlled Waldheim himself ever since they put him over the top against the then favorite for the secretariat, the Finnish independent socialist diplomat (and Jew), Max Jacobson. On the surface, Waldheim was a strange choice for the Kremlin. Though he tried to fabricate an anti-Nazi past, the record proves otherwise. In any case, he was an officer on the Russian front in a unit that performed tasks of massacring innocents such as were carried out in other countries by the SS and Gestapo. This would have disqualified Waldheim in Soviet eyes had they not quickly recognized in him someone who possessed every attribute of an officer of the Third Reich except courage. He'd do their bidding, they guessed, and he has. Maybe a Nazi past doesn't count anymore. The current president of the General Assembly, West Germany's Baron Rudiger von Wechmar, who served with General Rommel, observed that his election "marks international approval that 1933-45 is forgotten." So the case against Waldheim must be made in more contemporaneous terms. It's dynamite. One of his deputies for political affairs, Viktar M. Lisiovsky, is an agent of the Soviet secret police, a violation of the UN charter. Waldheim's administration, moreover, is riddled with scandal and corruption: extortion, prostitution, kickbacks, nepotism, etc. The UN Disaster Relief Agency barely functions at all. Pierre Salinger has amply exposed Waldheim's duplicities in Iran. It's now time for State to make it clear that Waldheim is unacceptable to the US for an unprecedented third term. This would not be a pleasant experience since, as a Polish proverb has it, it is a terrible thing to swim against the current in a dirty river.

Most of the hostages have shown restraint in not trying to make money from their ordeal in Iran. Not so two of Jimmy Carter's nearest and dearest, Hamilton Jordan and Gerald Rafshoon, who are making a six-part special for CBS about what must be the single greatest ignominy of their administration. In the meantime almost every day brings forth new evidence of just how craven and asymmetrical, from the American point of view, the one-minute-before-midnight agreement with Iran is. You didn't have to master the arcana of the arrangement to understand that claims of American corporations against Iran were in trouble. But it probably didn't occur to you to ask—well, it didn't occur to me—about claims in American courts by Iran and Iranians against American businesses. These, it turns out, were still safe and protected. The Itek Corporation was about to be forced to satisfy a $3.6 million judgment against it on behalf of an Iranian bank when a federal district judge in Massachusetts wisely interfered, putting this case in the context of the larger dispute. One of the firms that had won a judgment against Iran and whose $19 million victory was to be nullified by the agreement is swashbuckling H. Ross Perot's Electronic Data Systems. He has now gotten a federal court in Texas to slow the transfer of frozen assets to Iran, pending further adjudication of constitutional issues by the courts. Whatever you may think of the greedy group now in power in Washington—and there isn't much leeway in what you can think about folk so greedy—just imagine how humiliating it would be if Carter were still president and his lawyers were going into court to defend their agreement and arguing against Americans and American businesses on behalf of the ayatollah's Iran.

M.P.

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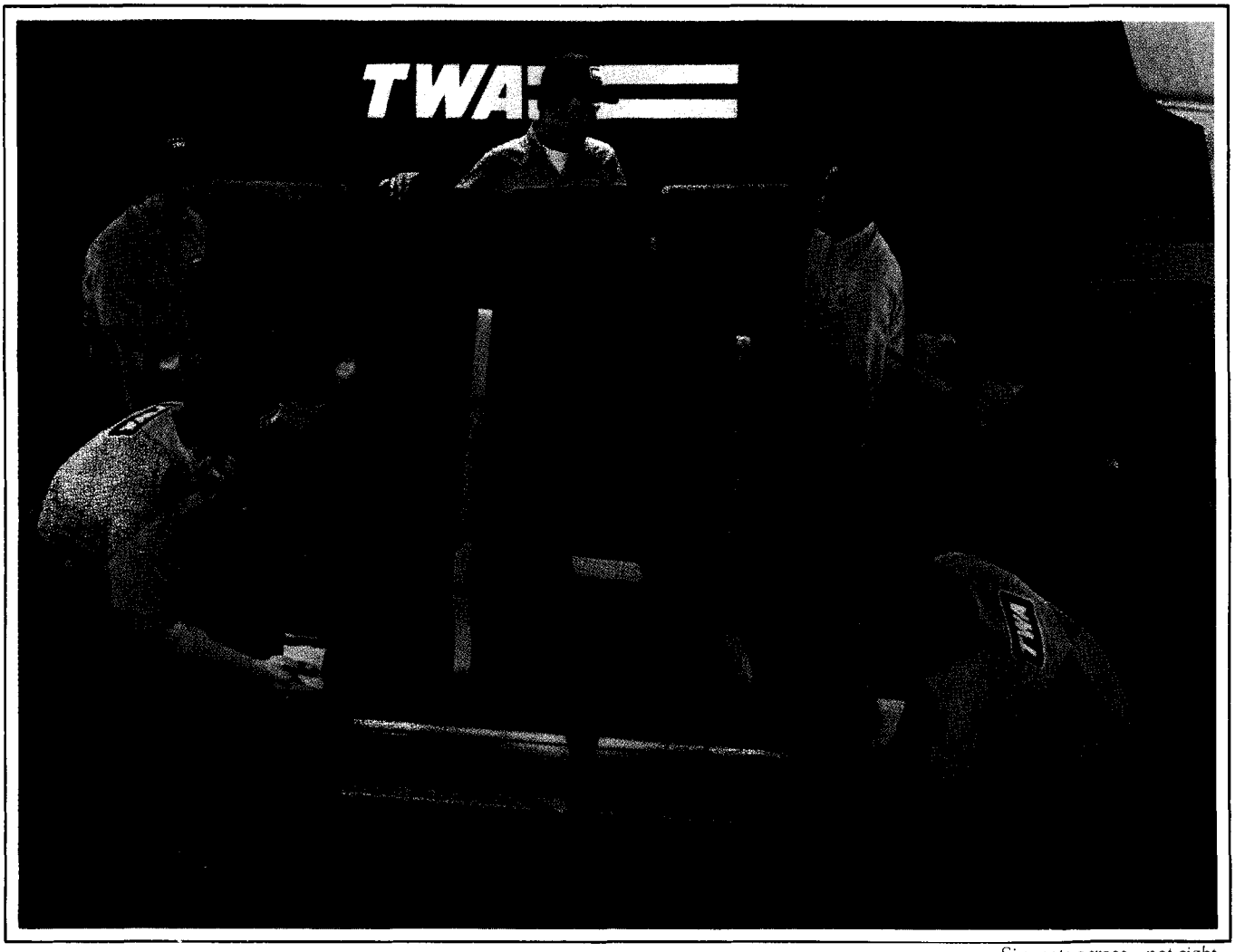

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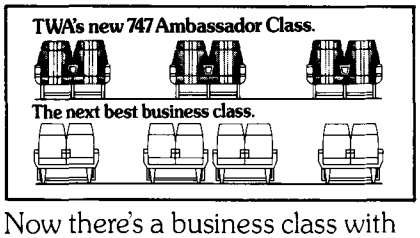

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